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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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What Is Written on Our Faces.

The face is an open page, upon which all things are recorded; they may be good or bad; pertaining to our spiritual life or our physical. Were this the time and place, and the present writer the person to do it, I would like to lay before my readers some of the facts that are written on human faces; the joys and sorrows; the successes and failures; the evidences of culture and refinement, or their opposites. Talk about concealment, either of motive or action; many faces tell everything; and there is scarcely any face that does not tell something.

But it is not my purpose in these paragraphs to delve into the secrets of the heart, or to drag forth the "family skeleton." Neither shall I look into the mental or spiritual growth of the individual. On the contrary, I shall confine my researches to the physical well-being of my fellows; and, instead of soaring away into the ideal world, I shall rather busy myself among the kitchen utensils; the kettles and frying-pans; the teapots and other kitchen paraphernalia. But what, you ask, have these things to do with the face? Perhaps we shall find out. For example, I know an elderly lady who is always full of aches and pains, and whose face (though she is not yet sixty) is already traced with many small wrinkles; there is that peculiar pinched and shriveled appearance which unmistakably betrays the tea-toper. Yes, it is just that. No other habit gives precisely the same result; and if you know the signs, you can make no mistake in tracing it out.

There is another individual standing across the way, whose face betrays his habits; the fine capillaries that ought to give a healthy, ruddy glow to the cheek, have many of them ruptured and let out their contents; there is red in the face, but it is not evenly diffused; the color is rather in streaks or blotches. This disfigurement is caused by the presence of alcohol in the blood. The individual is fond of his "glass;" I will not say whether it is wine, brandy, or whisky, or whether it is all three. The man who sits by him does not use the beverages just named. But what is the matter with him? His tissues are of the loose, flabby kind; and he is getting corpulent. By and by his legs will be like pillows, and his arms like young bolsters; and his frontal dimensions—save the mark! This individual is very fond of beer; he thinks it is doing him good, and he feels sure that he could not get along without it. He will have hard work, by and by, to get along with it.

We will now turn our attention to a gentleman on the opposite seat; he is thin and emaciated, and looks like he was not well nourished. From some cause or other he has become a dyspeptic; whether this came from eating what people call rich food, or from making his breakfast on greasy batter cakes, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, or other indigestible articles, I will not undertake to say. But one thing I do know, his stomach is on a strike, and from present appearances it will be sometime before it resumes duty.

Over there in the corner is a little child; its face is pale, its bones are small and it looks delicate. Its parents are as strong as the average, but the child does them very little credit. What is the trouble? Both father and mother are indulgent to a fault, and the child eats candies and sweetmeats; its appetite is already greatly impaired, and the little thing is starving for the lack of nourishment; the messes that it eats under the name of food will neither make good blood nor build up sound tissues. In other words, there is something wrong in the domestic commisariat, and the child will never thrive until a radical change is made.

Do you see those two young people who have just come in? They look like brother and sister, and I am not sure but that they are from the country. Their faces are covered with pimples; a sort of billious eruption, and the skin looks greasy. These young people need more fruit and grain, and less meat, butter and gravy; perhaps, also, less milk and sugar. Here it is the liver that is on strike, and the skin is trying to take up the burden. The palms of the hands are moist and sticky; rather inclined to be clammy. The pores of the skin are surcharged with matter, which it is trying to dispose of. Some good Turkish baths might not be a bad thing in these two cases, and less pork, lard and greasy food generally would be an improvement.

That middle-aged lady with the sallow face, is too fond of her coffee and bacon; she needs a different order of diet, altogether; and it would take several weeks of it to make much impression. Her skin is full of impacted bile; and every drop of blood is in the same condition. Her hands and feet are inclined to be cold; and the family physician tells her that her blood is too thin. The very reverse, however, is the fact; it needs thinning out with lemon juice or some other acid. The entire dietary ought to be changed; though the good lady would probably think she was half killed in the process; she loves her coffee, her buttered biscuit, and her rations of side meat; and a plate of ham and eggs or some other fried dish is the thing she relishes. And so I might go on to the end of the chapter. But I think I will stop just here.

Yes, our lives, even to our dietetic habits, are often unmistakably written on our faces.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN."

(From the Original Oil Painting by Our Own Artist.)

More Sleep for Women.

It is a well-known fact among physicians, nurses and those generally interested in the restoration of health, that the percentage of women among the middle and upper classes who retire early is alarmingly small. The term "alarmingly" is used advisedly, because the growing tendency to keep late hours cheats nature out of her just dues, and compels her to retaliate in a manner that often threatens not only health but life most seriously. There are many women so constituted that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose.

Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving their strength unreservedly, and getting little physically in return, save that which is derived from sleep. The growing tendency of the age toward physical culture training is not well sustained in the late hours so universally kept by many of the most enthusiastic advocates of that movement. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means at hand for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours.

Julian Davis says the common dandelion is a perfect soporific. Two or three leaves chewed just before going to bed will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be. The leaves can be dried easily for winter use, and the best of them is that when used to woo sleep there is no morning headache or weariness such as invariably follows the use of chloral or morphine.

The Pie Crop.

In the United States there are eaten every day 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 16,750,000. Each year, 819,000,000, at a total cost of $164,000,000—an amount greater than the internal revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. If laid out in a line, they would reach from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And if figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FOR SALE BY NEWSDEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature relating to Competitions and Remittances must be addressed and made payable ONLY to the order of the LADIES PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Costumes at Messrs. W. M. Stitt & Co's.

We this week publish a page of sketches selected from a large number of dresses shown us when visiting this well-known firm. The left hand article is a strictly tailor-made gown in oatmeal cloth, moonlight flock with royal silk facing and vest, the reveres being edged with moss trimming and large crochet buttons. The middle one is a princess gown in striped cheviot, side forms inserted of vieux rose velvet Byzantine belt and yoke of iridescent passementerie. Hat made of Chiffon and ostrich edging. The third costume is a bride's going away dress, of Booche cloth trimmed with a puffing of velvet, headed with a band of opal passementerie. The hat is made of crepan and the crown of passementerie. It has long velvet ties reaching to the foot of the skirt. We are sorry space does not permit us to give our readers some further sketches of the pretty dresses we saw, the more so as all the costumes shown are made on the premises of the firm.

"A Russian Honeymoon," at the Academy.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's three act comedy was performed at the Academy of Music on April 22nd and 23rd, by the Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club. The following was the cast:

Poleska, wife of Alexis	Miss Jardine Thompson
Alexis Petrovich, a journeyman, afterward Gustave Count Woroffski	Mr. Gerald Donaldson.
Baroness Vladimir, his sister	Miss Amy G. Ince
Ivan, a master shoemaker	Mr. Wm. Kirkpatrick
Michelene, his daughter	Miss Beatrice Roberts
Koulikoff Demetrovich, attendant of Woroffski estate	Mr. Lyons Foster
Osip, a young peasant	Mr. G. Foster
Guards	Messrs. Gibson and Mackenzie

The company gave a capital rendering of the piece, the acting of Miss Jardine Thompson and Mr. Gerald Donaldson in the parts of the heroine and hero being much above the average of amateur performances. They were ably supported by the rest of the company. On page 263 will be found some sketches, by our artist, of the principal characters of the play.

Walt. Whitman.

The death of the man whom the world ridiculed, and of the poet whom it left unread, has stopped carping criticism for the time being. That kindly efforts should be made to find the noblest and best in all he has written, is only natural. That attempts and vigorous ones should be entered into to give him his place among poets, and in the literature of the world is to be expected. But that both shall be found impossible is quite probable. The lack of ballast of completeness and of meaning, in many of his poems throws the estimater at once on the defensive. It is not impossible to avoid seeing greatness when it stares you in the face—unless personal smallness acts as a blinder—but it arouses all one's antagonism to see rank gibberish flouting its grimacing countenance over its shoulder. There side by side on the same page are nonsense and loftiness, silly wilful obscurity and such a depth of human tenderness that the eyes are filled. So much must every one see in a most cursory reading of "Leaves of Grass." "The good grey poet," is thus ar fixed in our mental house as an ungainly piece of furniture, warranted indeed to stand wear and tear, but having many unpleasant features and ornaments about it.

But in this era of classification and comparison each man of letters, as each article of furniture, must belong to a set. It is not for nothing that there are Queen Anne poets and Queen Anne chairs. Further, he must be in a proportion of some kind, better or worse, than some one else. Unless indeed he be, as many admirers of Whitman say, a unique piece of furniture, a pioneer of a new civilization. In the latter case, the task of giving him his place is not so hard. One has but to find the grand central idea of his poetry, to bring universal harmony out of a confused medley of principle and actions, to reduce the chaos of genius, to its first principless, whether such be the whole of modern life or not and the thing is done. Like Shakespeare, like Cowper, like Burns, like Wordsworth, like Browning, he is stamped forever as the advance guard of an army of similar poets, each of whom may or may not outstrip his great master.

But failing this distinction—and we, of this age, are not in a position to state what will be said of him in the next—Whitman's claim, even as a brother poet of the great ones, of the other is too valid to be set aside for an instant. His is a work of nature, certainly not of art. As Earnest Rys says of him, "Apart from any literary qualities or excellences what needs to have all stress laid upon it, is the urgent, intimate, personal influence that Walt. Whitman exerts upon those who approach him with sympathy and healthy feeling." What is the root of the matter, and what makes criticism so valueless, is that no two people approach Whitman any more than they do any other poet, with precisely the same feeling toward him, or precisely the same nature to be affected by him. A poe has to play on many instruments and over whose tone or capabilities he has no control. To no two people does he say the same things or in the same way. What Whitman is to one, a great personality dealing with this teeming nineteenth century life, thrilling every vein with new incitement, making divine the rough spots of life, ennobling poverty, he may never be to another.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

I LEFT the sanctum and walked abroad. I had a definite goal in view, I forget what, but the morning was too alluring, too sunshiny to do anything I ought to do. So I went in half-a-dozen book stores after another, and had a delightful time, got a beautiful edition of "The Little Minister," so as to have an excuse for reading it a sixth time, a new collection of "Ballads and Rondeaus," an ideal copy of "Virginites," "Purisque," and my favorite, "O Viter Dicta," in two of the quaintest volumes. I desire to have this known. It is such a relief to go wandering around book-stores without Flips or the dogs. Flips and I made a bargain. She *will* take me driving and to the theatre, and I loathe driving, and the theatre bores me to death—generally. And I *will* drag her (I use her own words) into every book-store all the way up town. So she has promised that if I don't go into more than two book-stores a day, she won't make me drive more than once a week. I can't pin her down to any agreement about matinees. But this morning she wasn't with me—at first—so I went in every book-store that I came within a hundred yards of. I was also without the dogs. I am ashamed to say that I deceived these two canines. I told them that I was only going down stairs and would be back in a moment. Then I got out and almost ran to the first block. They both hate book-stores. They like grocery stores with the lids off the biscuit boxes. But the sanctum doesn't require groceries—editors do not eat—and they have to be content waiting outside book-stores. There they flatten themselves down immediately in front of the door, with their heads on one side each with one eye glanced on the crack at the bottom of the door. Of course everybody who tries to get in the store tumbles over them, and then there is rage, subdued on the part of the tumbler and openly expressed on the part of the dogs. Then I hurry out, everybody glaring at me——. But this morning I am alone, blissfully, happily alone, and enjoying my freedom as only the freed-woman can. I turned regretfully from the last book-store and met—Barney!

"How do you do, Barney?" I asked, and I was so happy thinking of the good time I had had, that I smiled at him.

"Don't call me that!" he said crossly. "As I've told you a dozen times my name is Bernard." Forthwith he handed out a card and laid it in my hand. I read: "Bernard Delaney Rigges, Barrister-at Law."

"Why! I didn't know you were through. I thought your finals didn't come off until May."

"Neither they do—until the 18th. But," loftily, "I am dead sure of getting through." I laughed and turned to go.

"Really, when you were Barney Riggs," I said over my shoulder, "you were rather a goose, but now that you are Mr. 'Bernard Delaney Rigg—es,' I don't think my patience can stand you. Good-bye."

He took off his hat with his elbows crooked out on either side of him, like the stretchers they have for white flannels.

"I trust you will find you can get along without me," haughtily, and in a tone which implied that he trusted exactly the opposite. "But what that sanctum of yours will be without *my* stories to enliven it, I shudder to think. Good-bye."

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, April 13th, 1892.

At last we are having a glimpse of spring sunshine. Oh! how we poor Londoners have shivered, and sneezed and coughed these last few weeks. Oh! the cruel easterly winds, and the sleet and the snow, and oh! our cold and draughty houses. It is sad this terribly bleak weather should have come at the same time with the coal crisis; how the poor manage to keep themselves at all is a marvel to me when coal is 2 shillings a hundred weight, just double the usual price. My sympathies are always with the poor women and children when these tricks are "on;" how they must suffer! All this winter I have been sighing for one of your delightfully warm and comfortable Canadian houses; when will English people wake up to the fact that it is possible to make their houses more cosy and weather-proof? Why can we not have stoves standing well out in the rooms, instead of open grates which allow all the heat to escape up the chimney? and surely windows and doors could be made sufficiently well fitting that the snow should not drift in as it very often does. This warm bright weather makes one think naturally of spring clothing; so I think I cannot do better in this letter than give you the benefit of some of my observations on the spring fashions. Of course the umbrella skirts will still be popular, and alas! they are to be dreadfully long. I dislike the fashion of these trailing garments very much for street wear, and I think nothing irritates me more than to walk behind anyone who is either allowing her skirts to trail their full length on the pavements, be they (the pavements, I mean) either muddy or not, or who is clutching one side of the dress only while the other side is wiping her boots. Of course we have all sorts of dress lifters, but I have tried several with no satisfactory result they either give way most unexpectedly, very likely when you are crossing a very muddy road or they ruin the dress by creasing it where it is drawn up. Petticoats will be an important item with these long skirts, of course silk is the correct thing, but it is so wretchedly unserviceable for general wear, I think I shall try Alpaca in black or a pretty shade of drab. On account of the court mourning greys and mauves will be the favorite colors this spring, some of the shades are really lovely; later on in the season I believe we are to have these shades in all sorts of thin materials including muslins with delicate floral designs. Has the sac jacket reached your side of the world yet! Truly this is not a pretty garment, but I should think it must be exceedingly comfortable, and after all there is a certain style about it. There is little or no difficulty about fit as there are no seams down the back and the front is also loose; peculiar as these jackets are I think they will rival the costume capes for some little time. I am sorry to say very long veils or "falls" are making their appearance; they are made of net with a lace border, and reach almost to the knees. I hope the fashion will not become very general, for people will look altogether too funereal; of course that is taking it for granted that only black ones will be worn of such a length. Once more we are to be allowed to wear soft frills of lace or chiffon both in neck and sleeves of our home gowns; you will remember this was a weakness of mine, and certainly I think nothing is so becoming to any hands, but especially to those that are neither small or shapely. While speaking of hands I must tell you how manicure and face massage have become quite a craze in England. What a monstrous innovation a manicure establishment would have been considered by our grandmothers, but now what a disgrace are uncared for nails. Face massage is increasing in popularity. It is extraordinary what women will endure for beauty's sake. A friend who has tried it has told me some of the operations one has to go through with this face massage, they are curious and it will I think interest and amuse you if I repeat them. First of all you are told two astonishing facts by the "masseuse;" 1. You should never wash your face if you wish it to be soft and satiny, 2. soap and water are of no use to cleanse the face, and this latter fact she proceeds to prove to you. You are ushered into a private apartment a towel is pinned round your neck, and your face is then anointed with a creamy mixture; this remains on about five minutes, and is then scraped off with an ivory blade. Surely this creamy substance was white when it was laid on, it is certainly more like black when it comes off. You begin to wonder if you really could have forgotten to wash your face before you came out. Now the "masseuse" turns medicated steam from a small boiler which stands on the table on your face, it simply pours over you for fifteen minutes and very soon the perspiration streams down your face like rain. The next treatment is the regular massage which is said to take out the wrinkles, then the drying process with a soft linen cloth; a dust of powder and all is over. In all it has occupied three quarters of an hour, I question very much whether the game is worth the candle. I was present at a conversazione given by the students of the South Kensington Art Schools in the South Kensington Museum last week. It was quite a brilliant affair more than 2,000 "guests" as our American cousins say. Of course the company was somewhat mixed, but I rather enjoyed it; one has a good opportunity of observing the latest eccentricities in artistic robings and hair dressing. It would take up too much space to tell you of half the extraordinary gowns I noticed, I must however describe one which greatly pleased me. It was a pale amber brocade made somewhat in the princess style to fasten at the back; the front had a corselet bodice of the brocade edged with deep bead fringe, and the skirt part was of soft Indian silk, sleeves to the elbow with shaped cuff and frill of lace, the neck was cut square with shaped collar at the back; I ought to have said the cuffs and collar were of russet velvet which also trimmed the corselet bodice. I think it a pretty style, don't you? Doubtless Mr. Oscar Wilde's fame has reached "the other side of the pond," we are having a little too much of him lately. Since this play of his, "Lady Windermere's Fan," was produced one can

scarcely take up a magazine or newspaper without finding his name. One delightful little weekly paper thinks he has no equal as an amateur self-advertiser, in this I quite agree; I do not like the man, but I do think the article in this paper is somewhat hard on Mr. Wilde. Undoubtedly he is a clever writer and no mean poet. I especially like his fairy tales, have you ever read any? "The Happy Prince" is very poetical. What seems to have made him more talked about now is not so much the merits of the new play, as his behaviour after the first representation. After the curtain fell on the last act of "Lady Windermere's Fan" there was the usual cry for "Author," and the author appeared before the curtain smoking a cigarette and with an arsenic green pink or carnation in his buttonhole. Certainly that was something quite unusual; who ever heard before of an author thanking his patrons from the stage with a cigarette in his mouth? Another of Mr. Wilde's eccentricities is, that he is frequently to be seen at St. James's Theatre where his play is being acted, and apparently enjoys his own humour and smart repartees.

The court is again to go into mourning, this time for the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt whose death is very sincerely mourned both at the English and German courts. He was a most devoted husband to our poor Princess Alice, and there never was a man more beloved for himself. I remember many little bits in Princess Alice's diary and letters, which prove what a united couple they were and amiable, generous, and sympathetic the Duke always was. Some years after Princess Alice's death, you knew the grand Duke contracted a morganatic marriage with a Madame de Kolimine, and there was quite a breach with the Queen and Royal Family; it was however not a long duration. This Madame de Kolimine is reported to have been a most beautiful and fascinating woman, but her influence did not continue for more than a few months with her Royal husband, and a divorce was obtained upon what grounds is I believe not exactly known. I believe Princess Alice's daughters have turned out to be particularly clever girls, and are great favorites with their grandmother; the eldest Princess Victoria is married to Prince Louis of Battenburg; Prince Elizabeth married the grand Duke Sergius, brother of the Czar; Princess Irene married her cousin, Prince Henry of Prussia, only brother of the German Emperor; the youngest daughter Prince Alice is spoken as a probable bride for our Prince George. Mentioning the German Emperor has reminded me of a charming little anecdote about his little sons, which I cannot refrain from sending you. I found it in our delightful little paper, *Woman*. "The little crown Prince and his younger brothers are very simply brought up, and their supply of pocket-money is rather scanty. The four elder Princes were recently very anxious to give their father a birthday present, bought out of their "very own money," which they began to save up a long time before hand. The small savings did not mount up very rapidly. At last a brilliant idea struck the Crown Prince. He knew that the deer in the royal preserves are fed in the winter months on chestnuts and acorns which the children of the gamekeepers are paid for picking up, and proposed to his brothers that they should try and earn money in the same way. The royal children accordingly went to the head forester, who arranged with them that he would pay them the usual price of four shillings a bushel for all the chestnuts and acorns they liked to bring him. Every day the four little Princes sallied forth from the new palace with wheel-barrows and baskets, to spend all their spare time in the park at their self-imposed task. The work extended over a period of many weeks, during which they laboured so industriously that they at last accumulated what for them was quite a small fortune, the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Fritz adding to the sum their "rakish money," which they make by cultivating radishes in their little gardens and selling them for use in the royal kitchen. The Emperor from whom the whole affair was kept a secret, was exceedingly pleased at his children's birthday gift, especially when he was informed by the Crown Prince that they had earned "every bit of the money that it was bought with."

Is the cotillon very popular with you this season? Here one may say it is quite the rage, and hostesses vie with one another in the variety and originality of the figures. One of the latest and most original ideas which I have seen was at a small dance a few nights ago. The ladies were provided with small clockwork mice and other animals which they wound up and placed upon the floor; they then accepted as partners the gentlemen nearest to whom their respective animals stopped. If you have any juvenile friends who want a new way of utilizing old Xmas cards you might tell them of this one, which I heard of some time since. It is to decorate the inside of the doll's house. I can assure it is quite interesting work and allows a great deal of taste and ingenuity, of course the cards require to be cut and arranged; exceedingly pretty dados and friezes can be made with the flower cards which can also be used for the ceilings, while the ones with views or heads can be made to represent pictures on the walls. By the way, you asked me for some suggestions for presents for gentlemen. My dear Elsie, it is the most difficult thing you could have asked. I am always at my wits' ends if I have to make a present for any of my male relatives, nevertheless I will rack my brains just this once and see if I can think of anything new. What do you think of a case for white ties? These can be made in the style of silk handkerchief sachets or in this way. Take two pieces of card each 16 inches long and four wide. Cover them with wadding, quite thin it must be, and then satin-sheeting or mail-cloth; line with silk of a good contrasting color, and join the two pieces down the two longest sides like a book with half inch ribbon to form the back. Now take four strips of white silk elastic, and sew one across each end of the case about three inches from the edge; the ties are to be slipped under these. Finish off the edges with fine cord, and either paint or embroider a monogram on the front. You could make a blotter or pocket letter case with chamois-leather applique. The pattern, which should not be too fanciful is first sketched on the leather, then cut out with a sharp knife or scissors and carefully pasted on the background of silk, satin or brocade. The edges of the chamois-leather are hidden with fine gold cord. If these do not meet with your approval, let me know and I will hunt up some more. I have lately come across a book of very old cookery recipes, I believe it is printed from an old manuscript bearing the date 1703. Some of these recipes are so delightfully quaint that I will favour you with a few in my letters. I should think some would be quite "nice," whilst others certainly savour of "long, long ago." I copy the spelling and wording exactly, they greatly add to the quaintness. You will notice the receipes are all on a very large scale. To make a cake.

Take six pounds of flower, and five pounds of currants, and one pound of reasons of the been stond and shred, a penny worth of cloves, and the same of mace, one grain of musk, and one of Amborgress, and three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar sifted, half a spoonfull of salt, a pint and half of good ale, tenn eggs, eight of the whites, beat them with three or four spoonfuls of rose water, a quart of cream, a pound and half of melted butter, put the cream and butter together, one ounce of dates, half a pound of canded lemon, and oranges together, first mix the salt and sugar together, then make a hole in the middle of the flower, then straine in the eggs and barm, and put in the butter and cream but warm, take some of the flower and throw over it, and set it to the fire till the barm works up, then mingle it altogether. Two hours will bake it, when it is made, put it into the oven as fast as you can.

ANNIE VAUGHAN.

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 5. Miss Pauline Johnson.

The charming portrait we are able to give this issue, of Miss Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess will be very generally admired. The striking attitude, the artistic gown, the face full of thought and feeling, the beautiful tender eyes and the sensitive mouth, combine into a picture worthy of a painter's brush. The palette

Faithfully Yours
E. Pauline Johnson

is needed to bring out the clear dark skin, the masses of black hair and the deep grey of the eyes. The personality of the young poetess shines through her face, shows itself in every movement, is betrayed in every word she speaks. Of delightful manners—and this means so much! with the sweetest of soft, low voices, with pretty gestures and the most winning of smiles, who would not have pleasantest recollections of an hour passed with Miss Johnson? I have been myself lured into staying, work and the world forgotten, and listening to her conversation, which is more than entertaining, and watching her vividly-expressive face change with each change of feeling.

Miss Johnson is of the Mohawk tribe and was born at Chiefswood her home on the Six Nation Indian Reserve, Brant county, Ontario. Her father was the late George Henry Morton Johnson, or in the Mohawk language *Onwanonsyshon* (he-who-has-the-great-mansion), head chief of the Mohawks. The Mohawks are the aristocratic tribe of the Indians and are excessively proud in bearing and feeling. His mother is an Englishwoman, Emily S. Howells, of Bristol and a cousin of the novelist W. D. Howells. Her grandfather was the noted *Saxayeukwalghton* (disappearing-mist), a pure Mohawk of the Wolf clan, who fought for Britain in the war of 1812 and was for forty years "speaker" for the Six Nations. The name of her great-grandfather was Texahionwake. But after his conversion to Christianity when he was being baptised at Niagara, Sir William Johnson who was present asked that he might be called after himself and this name the family adopted as their surname.

Miss Johnson's home is at Chiefswood in Brantford where surrounded by many curious and beautiful relics from her Indian ancestors she leads a busy and useful life. Her writing and outdoor exercises, particularly paddling, occupy a great deal of her time. The rest she devotes to household and church work. Of late, Miss Johnson, incited thereby by her friends, has taken up a new departure. She has appeared quite frequently before Toronto audiences and recited much of her own poetry. The brilliant success which has attended these new efforts will probably insure a continuance in the work. Her popularity as a reciter lies not only in the merit and sympathetic feeling of her poems but in the charm of her individuality. I would like to dwell longer on Miss Johnson herself but her works claim my attention. These are so much part of herself that one comes naturally to speak of them. Each poem expresses its author's nature, its author's love of truth. Her writings, poetry, have appeared regularly in *Saturday Night* and frequently in *The Week*, *The Dominion Illustrated*, the New York *Independent* and the *Detroit Free Press*. For the latter paper, however, the articles have been prose and on "Canadian sports."

"Re-Voyage."

What of the days when we two dreamed together?
Days marvelously fair,
As lightsome as a skyward-floating feather
Sailing on summer air—
Summer, summer that came drifting through
Fate's hand on me and you.

What of the days, my dear? I sometimes wonder
If you too wish this sky
Could be the blue we sailed so softly under
In that sun-kissed July;
Sailed, in the warm and yellow afternoon,
With hearts in touch and tune.

Have you no longing to relive the dreaming,
Adrift in my canoe?
To watch my paddle blade all wet and gleaming
Cleaving the waters through?
To lie wind-blown and wave-caressed until
Your restless pulse grows still?

Do you not long to listen to the purling
Of foam athwart the keel?
To hear the nearing rapids softly swirling
Among their stones, to feel
The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves
The wild and snarling waves?

What need of question, what of your replying?
Oh I well I know that you
Would toss the world away to be but lying
Again in my canoe
In listless idolence entranced and lost,
Wave-rocked and passion-tossed.

Ah me! my paddle failed me in the steering
Across love's shoreless seas;
All reckless, I had ne'er a thought of fearing
Such dreary days as these,
When through the self-same rapids we dashed by,
My lone canoe and I.

"Day Dawn."

All yesterday the thought of you was resting in my soul,
And when sleep wandered o'er the world that very thought she stole
To fill my dreams with splendor such as stars could not eclipse,
And in the morn I 'wakened with your name upon my lips.

Awakened, my beloved, to the morning of your eyes,
Your splendid eyes so full of clouds, wherein a shadow tries
To overcome the flame that melts into the world of grey,
As coming suns dissolve the dark that veils the edge of day.

Cool drifts the air at dawn of day, cool lies the sleeping dew,
But all my heart is burning, for it woke from dreams of you,
And O! these longing eyes of mine look out and only see
A dying night, a waking day, a calm on all but me.

So gently creeps the morning thro' the heavy early air,
The dawn grey-garbed and velvet-shod is wand'ring everywhere,
To 'wake the slumber-laden hours that leave their dreamless rest
With outspread laggard wings to court the pillows of the west.

Up from the earth a moisture steals with odor fresh and soft,
A smell of moss and grasses warm with dew, and far aloft
The stars are growing colorless, while drooping in the west
A late wan moon is paling in a sky of amethyst.

The passing of the shadows as they waft their pinions near
Has stirred a tender wind within the night-hushed atmosphere,
That in its homeless wandering sobs in an undertone
An echo to my heart that sobbing calls for you alone.

The night is gone beloved, and another day set free,
Another day of hunger for the one I may not see,
What care I for the perfect dawn? the blue and empty skies?
The night is always mine without the morning of your eyes.

There are dozens of other poems of Miss Johnson, so beautiful, so musical, so pathetic that I would I could give pages and pages of them.

MAIDE ROBERTSON.

In this series have already appeared:

No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.

On The Sands.

I scrambled down to a Cornish porth
When the tide ebbed low on the golden strand,
And idly dreaming I wandered forth
O'er the level stretch of sand.

And it seemed as I paced the yellow plain
Kissed by the blue Atlantic there,
Like a picture of this world's pleasure and pain
And of man's small journey here;

A page for the print of life's progress, made
By the ageless sea for the sons of men
Who labor and delve like the child with his spade
For the tide to level again.

Here the boy builds castles with ramparts brave,
Daring the storm from his turrets gay,
And the ocean sends him one laughing wave
And washes them all away.

There the youth starts forth and his pride awakes
At the thought of an untrod world to win,
Till he finds that each heedless step he takes
Has trodden its record in.

Then the man cries: "This is a wilderness!"
—See, he searched the sands for some vestige human,
Till he found a footprint whose way was his,
The small, light foot of a woman!

Then look, what a change in their gait and pace,
From a weary trudge to a lightsome spring,
As onward together the smooth sands trace
Their rhythmical journeying.

Here once, it seems, for awhile by theirs—
The tiny feet of a child alit,
But a squall must have caught them unawares
And swept them away with it.

Yet forward ever those footsteps go
O'er furrow and ridge still side by side.
Sometimes faltering, faint and slow,
But always out towards the tide.

Stop! here they severed awhile;—and look
How they tried, with tears, to blot the trace,
In vain;—we can write in the sands' great book,
But only the sea can efface.

And at last the Golden bay is crossed
To the rippling marge of the shadowy deep,
And the footprints of their lives are lost
In the ocean's purple sleep.

Lost? But is there no further shore,
No new found land of our later faith?
Have they walked the waves like Peter of yore
To a life transcending death?

We ask. We have asked through endless years,
And prayed till we fancy our prayer is heard,
But the ocean smiles at our hopes and fears
And answers us never a word.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

"Gee Up."

'T was now four years since Jack Plater had left the mercantile firm which, from necessity, he had entered when very young. During these years he had supplied his little family with his well earned savings, while he threw all his energy and ardor into the study of Art, which, since early boyhood, had been his one ambition.

He was a young man but thirty years of age though looking even younger; tall, with an erect, well knit figure; had dark brown hair, with eyes of a deeper hue; a nose large enough to be manly, and a mouth whose firmness could soften to almost womanly sweetness.

His marriage with Alice Hunter had proved an exceptionally happy one; a rare case of first love on both sides. With contented dispositions, congenial tastes and inclinations, their only difficulty had been their somewhat straightened circumstances, and this was more easily borne as they were people of simple habits.

Alice was universally admired and loved. She had sweet, fresh face, crowned with a glory of golden hair; honest beaming blue eyes, that reflected the soul within, and a charm of manner both irresistable and womanly.

Two children had blessed their unison: little Jack, the beautiful three year old minature of his father, haloed with his mother's golden curls; and baby Gertrude, a bouncing, wholesome yearling.

It was in the city of New York, as a November day was fast drifting into twilight, that Jack sat looking intently, brush and palette in hand, at the canvas in front of him. "Gee Up" was for the great winter art exhibition and upon its success rested, alike, his future reputation and present pecuniary relief. Nearly completed, it portrayed a little boy partially undressed, riding his hobby horse. The neck and arms were bare, showing the dimpled elbows and the baby roundness of figure. As his sturdy limbs bestrode the long stick with its wheels on the floor and head high in the air, there was a pretty display of dainty lace trimmed underwear. With a red velvet jocky cap perched far back on the long tossed curls, and flourishing a whip in the right hand, while the left clutched the fractious hobby horse, he looked the embodiment of beautiful happy childhood.

Jack Plater's heart was in this work and his brush had lovingly and wonderfully obeyed its dictates. He had finished for the day, and as he dwelt on his task, his cheeks glowed, and he felt a keen, absorbing delight as he realized he had created something beautiful, something almost real. He forgot the growing twilight; the neat little room with its plain carpet, bright hangings and pictures; he did not realize that the fire needed replenishing; he had even forgotten his wee patient model, until a sleepy little voice called.

"Papa dear, is you fru wis me."

He turned a loving gaze to the little fellow, and after a moment's contemplation dropped his palette and brush. Picking up his darling he gave him a "sky flyer" and then another and another.

Little Jack looked forward to these delightful romps after his patient sitting and he was always rewarded. Baby Gertrude toddled in too, and mother often followed, she was the delighted audience, and during the din and clamour, the bursts of laughter and shouts of joy, babies rolled and bounced and kissed, she considered it altogether a delightful and entertaining performance; nor did she seem to tire of its nightly occurrence.

This evening she examined the painting with pride and delight. She felt it to be a most marvelous representation of her little son, and wondered how they would bring themselves to part with it, for after its recognition by the Art Society, it was Jack's desire to sell it.

Turning to her, Jack said, "It is almost finished, wifey, and I feel as happy as the day I married you. Let us hope that our first great effort for public recognition will be successful. I could not bear the drudge of the store, and I feel that my years of study and your patient forbearance will be rewarded. It has been hard for my dear faithful girl, but now I shall be able to give you all the comforts I long for you to have."

"Dear Jack, your wife is more than contented. I wish every woman had as much to fill her heart with delight—the best of husbands, and the dearest of babies. The only wish I have is to see you take your place in the front rank of artists; to see your paintings admired, and your genius acknowledged and appreciated."

"Well Alice if you were the public, I should, no doubt, ride on a tidal wave of success, but, now, as you are not, I must simply take a car for a trip down town, as I need some colors early in the morning. I will be home in an hour for dinner." Alice helped Jack with his coat, and taking his hat he whistled a merry tune, as he went down the stairs two steps at a time—and an hour later he wondered if he should even whistle or feel light hearted again."

Alice piled high the sleepy fire for the nights were cold; lighted the cheerful lamp, and after assisting to prepare the evening meal, tidied up the room, and in closing the blinds gave a shiver at the rising wind outside. The streets were scarcely lighted there, and turning from the cold bleak scene without she drew the curtain, gazing lovingly at the cheerful prettiness within. The bright fire flickered as the children ran in front of it making Jack's curls shine like spun gold. She caught him, with a sudden tightening at her heart, and holding him close, while his chubby arms stole round her neck for a "bear hug," she vaguely wondered what life would be without him. She could scarcely bear to let him go.

"Why 'Muzzer' dear, you got cries in your eyes," and Jack's little fist essayed to rub them dry. "I sink" poking up her lids in no gentle fashion, "Your eyes are bufitle as my new marbles," quietly deciding he had hit the proper thing.

Alice smiled at this and half forgot her tears on any fancied cause. With another kiss she dropped the little fellow for he was getting heavy, and found plenty for her willing hands to do. First baby Gertrude was undressed while Jack talked about good old Santa Claus and wondered if the chimney were large enough for both him and the doggie he wanted so much.

The kitchen clock struck six, and a savory odor reminded Alice that one of Jack's favorite dishes would be spoiled if he did not soon return, but as the last sound of the clock was dying away the fire bells pealed out their quick staccato tones and all thoughts of dinner were hastily banished. In a trice the unhappy tale was echoed in the streets below—"fire! fire!" Alice and Jack ran to the window, flinging open the blinds, and a brilliant glow filled the room. The quiet and darkness of a half hour ago were changed into a scene of motion, light and noise. They saw the large, handsome frame dwelling next them all ablaze; heard the excited cries of the people; and watched in a fascinated way the fire department rapidly answering the summons to the rescue. The fine, well trained animals dashed madly round the corner, seeming to understand the scene of terror and their duty and part in it.

Alice's heart beat fast as she realized their danger and pulling spell bound little Jack from the window she ran to the kitchen, calling.

"Maggie, Maggie come quickly, Judge Maddox's house is afire and we are in great danger."

Rolling the baby in the crib blanket she handed her to Maggie, and remembering the cold night hastily slipped on Jack's warm black velvet coat, the birthday gift of his two Aunties, and the red jocky cap, which lay on the floor. Not thinking of herself, but picking up Jack, she ran down the two flights of stairs, Maggie following her closely.

They made their way across the street, Alice thinking with sinking heart of the painting above, Jack's work of months, his labor of love and genius. She had been so happy about it too, that she would make a desperate effort to save it. Large as it was she felt more than equal to the task. Finding a place of safety she bade Maggie stand there and hold the baby tight.

"She needs both hands for Gertrude, Jack, so catch her dress as tight as you can."

(To be Continued.)

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Losing Faith in Christianity.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."—Psa. 14, 1.

I find in coming into personal contact with that element which forms the floating material of our congregations, a good deal of intellectual antagonism to christianity as that term is understood. That opposition is increasing especially amongst our young people and those who are in touch with what is called modern thought. Such persons are beginning to doubt whether the christian religion is all that their fathers and mothers understood it to be. They ask is not christianity relaxing its hold upon the modern mind, is not the cross losing its attractive power, is not the star of Bethlehem beginning to wane. As the modern mind sweeps the christian firmament with its telescope of critical inquiry, are there not spots perceived upon the surface of the Sun of Righteousness Himself. And when I attempt to analyse this feeling of doubt or distrust which seems to be projecting its baleful shadow over so many minds, I find that it is something which after all concerns itself more with the forms of religious life and the formulas of doctrine which men have devised than with the essential elements of christianity itself. In fact there is scarcely a form of infidelity which ever assailed christianity which did not confound those two things. People said that Voltaire was opposing christianity when he levelled all his rhetorical and logical artillery upon the Vatican at Rome and the religion of France, but it was only a very corrupt and spurious form of the religion of Christ which he assailed. It was Catholicism more than christianity which the brilliant Frenchman bombarded.

Carlyle refused to subscribe to the creed of his forefathers and is said to have thrown christianity overboard as a worn out faith or effete religion, but I say he did not. It was ultra-Calvinism he threw overboard, and not christianity essentially considered.

Thomas Paine was the most vulgar and vehement assailant of the bible and yet if you examine his tirades and thunder denunciations of this Book you will find that it was not so much the vital principles of christianity which he assailed as it was the theories and theologies which were afloat in his day, and to some extent still, concerning the teachings of this Book.

Infidelity has for the most part failed to discriminate between the letter and the spirit, the outward form and the inward soul or substance, the human organization and the divine principle, or between those divine truths imbedded in the gospel narratives and the human theories which have been devised concerning the same.

Now I am prepared to take strong ground here. I say that infidelity cannot object to christianity when considered in its inner essence and life. Show me christianity embodied and I will show you that which makes infidelity impossible.

Christianity vitally considered is not a record or creed or litany or ritual or human organization of any kind. It is a life. It is the life of Christ in the soul. By the life of Christ I mean a supreme love of goodness dominating the whole man and controlling the whole life. Can any form of infidelity take exception to that. You may find fault with the christian in his failures and miserable attempts to realize this divine ideal, but you cannot find fault with that ideal itself.

I believe in churches, creeds, forms of worship and in human instrumentalities, so far as they are useful in developing this life of Jesus in the soul, but I would not confound these human agencies with the divine life which they thus seek to unfold within. To do so would be to confound the brush and palette of the artist with the picture which he had just painted on the canvas, or it would be to confound the mallet chisel and trowel of the mason with the piece of masonry which he has erected.

A notable infidel has said that the essence of the Old Testament is the moral law, and the essence of the New Testament is the sermon on the mount. The moral law as given by Moses was the platform of the old dispensation. The sermon on the mount as delivered by Christ, is the platform of the new.

Now looking at the ten commandments as they came from the lips of Jehovah on Sinai and at the beatitudes or sermon which fell from the lips of Christ on Olivet, which form the essence of the old and new testament, I ask is there anything there to which modern criticism can object.

Infidelity can object to certain historical details in this Book, may object to the science of the bible and even to the morality of some of the Old Testament heroes. It may not believe in the story of Jonah and the whale or that the solar system stood still at the instance of Joshua. It may not believe that every word in the bible is inerrant and that every letter and punctuation mark is the result of a divine inspiration. To these things infidelity may object but show me the infidel on earth who can fairly object to the morality or spirituality of the ten commandments or the sermon on the mount. Reduce the Old Testament to its essential elements and what are they?

It prohibits idolatry, profanity, disrespect to parents, murder, adultery, theft, slander and covetousness. There is the quintessence of the Old Testament for you. Can infidelity find any ethical flaw in such prohibitions.

Condense in like manner the New Testament into its smallest compass, and what have you? All the teachings of the New Testament gravitate round a three-fold centre, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the immortality of the soul. What has infidelity to say against that? The teachings of Christ contain the essence of christianity and what were these? They were humility of heart, meekness of disposition, spiritual aspiration, the duty

of being merciful, of being pure in heart, of seeking to live peacefully with all men, refraining from returning evil for evil, loving our enemies, and praying for them that despitefully use us. Has any mortal man the effrontery to declare that such teachings are ethically or religously wrong. Show me the man whose life stands plumb with the moral law and the Sermon on the mount, and I will show you a character which infidelity can never produce, and to which it never can object. One of the leading skeptics of to-day admits that the teachings of Christ are fitted, if obeyed, to make our earth a paradise, and man only a little lower than the angels. Your own Oliver Mowat has well said that Christianity prohibits vice and inculcates every virtue. And the virtues which Christianity fosters are most healthy and beautiful to behold. A man who is morally sane can no more object to such virtues than he can to the colors of the rainbow, or the beauty and fragrance of living flowers.

What are some of the causes which have led some of our young people to doubt christianity.

1. Some say that the church itself is somewhat responsible. It has made more of a dead creed than a living Christ, more of the human husk than the Divine kernel. We are told that it has attached more importance to historical than to spiritual christianity. It has not distinguished sufficiently between Theology and Religion. Religion was before Theology, just as there were stars before astronomy, or plants before botany.

Are not our tests of orthodoxy wrong. If a person cannot subscribe to a creed formulated a thousand years ago and that has become as lifeless as a mummy, why should he be cut off as a withered branch from the the tree of orthodoxy. We are reminded that a person may be intellectually sound in regard to church standards and yet be as far from Christ as hell from heaven. Are there not men in the church to day who are champion supporters of a creed which is just as foreign to their intellectual and spiritual life as a loaf of bread is to you before you eat it.

Now with certain modifications, I believe all this myself and preach it. I hold that no church has a right to suppress thought or obstruct progress in any direction. I also hold, that while every church has a right to formulate its own standards of teaching, every man has a right to construct his own creed. In fact you have no creed at all which is not the product of your own personal expertence and thinking. Your creed is formed as the shell of the oyster is formed. And as nature never intended that one big oyster should make shells for all others, but that each oyster should by a vital and individual process produce its own shell, so God never intended that any one man should manufacture a creed for all others. He intended that every thinking man should formulate his own creed, out of his spiritual consciousness and experience, for no creed is *his* until it has become *him*.

What right have you to brand a man a heretic, just because he does not believe the same as you do, even when his heart and life are right. I thank God for some of those so-called heretics. I am glad the ages produced such a heretic as Luther, who with an unchained Bible in his hand, made the Vatican tremble. I am glad there was such a heretic as John Knox, who had the courage to oppose his Queen and rescue his native land from the grasp of Rome. I am glad there was a John Wesley, who in his eagerness to save souls, brushed aside orthodox forms and usages and lifted up a voice for God which roused a sleeping church and saved a half-damned world. These were called heretics, but to-day we apply to them a more honorable epithet. But now I want to say that I thank God I belong to a church which does not, so long as it follows the spirit of its founder, attach more importance to a creed than Christ, and which does not exact from its membership a formal subscription to any creed and whose condition of membership is such as to admit anyone who has a sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come. And so far as its ministers are concerned, I find its creed broad and large enough for me. It is one which grants me all manner of personal liberty, and one within whose broad and general statements I can develop a creed which is vitally and really my own.

A great deal of modern infidelity is due to intellectual vanity and dishonesty. I know some who imagine it is a mark of originality to disparage the teachings of the Bible. They are such intellectual prodigies that the simple faith of their fathers fails to commend itself to their exalted reason.

A young man said to me this week that even atheism was more satisfactory to his reason than christianity. Well, I said, your brain must be getting soft, because atheism is a flat negation of all reason. Reason says that every effect must have an adequate cause. Atheism says there can be an effect without a cause. It says there can be a creation without a creator, an organism without an organizer, a design without a designer, a law without a lawgiver, and a thought in the universe without a thinker. That is atheism, and that is the thing that is more reasonable to you than christianity. I said, young man, your trouble is not too much brain power, but too much conceit.

Rosseau's infidelity was the product of inordinate conceit. Think of a man saying of himself, "No man can go to the bar of God and say I am better than Rosseau."

Dr. Johnson was right when he said, "No honest man can examine the evidences of christianity and remain an atheist." But said one of the company, "is not Hume an honest infidel?" "No," roared the illustrious lexicographer. "Hume confessed he never read the New Testament with attention.

Another cause sometimes is moral obliquity. I would not say that every infidel was immoral, because there are infidels who are exemplary in their behavior, but it is not their infidelity that makes them so. One thing is certain that infidelity leads to immorality, and infidelity itself has often admitted that fact. One day D'Alembart and others were dining with Voltaire. They proposed to talk about atheism. "Hush," said Voltaire, "wait till my servants have left the room, I do not wish to have my throat cut to-night." Infidelity has no faith in infidelity. An infidel talking with me one day eulogized Paine's Age of Reason above the Bible. I said, "Now sir, you have a family of children, which of those two books would you rather have them read and live by?" "Oh," he said, "I would rather give them the Bible than any infidel book I know."

Infidelity at heart has more faith in the moralizing effects of christianity than those of itself.

Have you not often heard infidels find fault with the lives of christians when the latter were not what they ought to be. But did you ever hear one infidel deplore the immorality of another. I never did. Does not this mean that infidelity expects the christian to be a better man morally, than he who is an infidel, and does not that mean that infidelity at heart believes christianity to be better than itself.

I repeat that infidelity either is the cause or the effect of moral obliquity. Remember that what a man is in his creed depends upon what he is in his character. It is the man who lives as if there was no God, that comes to believe there is no God. It is the man who lives as if there was no eternity, that comes to believe in secularism. It is the man who lives as if he had no soul, that comes to believe in materialism. The life shapes our belief as much as belief shapes the life. Many a man finds it necessary to renounce christianity because such are the secret immoralities of his life that christianity must place upon him the brand of its disapproval.

If you want to know whether the Bible is true first read it. Barker the infidel said, that it was the reading of the gospel that converted him to christianity. Paine would never have been the infidel he was, if he had *sympathetically* studied the Bible. His biographer confesses that he wrote the most of his "Age of Reason," without a thorough knowledge of the Bible as he could not procure one.

Again, if you wish to test the truths of christianity, live them. Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." If you want to test the reality of God's existence, live a godly life, then you will develop a capacity to see God.

If you want to test the reality of prayer, live a life of prayer. If you want to know whether Christ has power on earth to forgive sins, come to him now and plead forgiveness, and there will come into your consciousness a sense of pardon and you will receive the powers of an endless life. You cannot live without Christ. He alone can give joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, comfort in distress and hope in despair.

James Henderson

Rev. Jas. Henderson.

The subject of this sketch, Rev. James Henderson, M.A., pastor of Carlton street Methodist Church in this city, is yet a comparatively young man. He was brought up in the Presbyterian faith, and received his education in Glasgow. Coming to Canada, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and was ordained in Quebec in 1876, and has been in the Montreal Conference since it was organized. He has been successively stationed at Sherbrooke, South Quebec, Cookshire, Huntingdon, Prescott, and Montreal, where he has been in three different pastorates, Dominion Square, Sherbrooke street, and New St. James'. His career from the day he entered the ministry has been a brilliant one, and in all his pastorates he has been singularly and uniformly successful. While in Huntingdon he built the present church, the most commodious and costly in the district; while in Prescott he extinguished the debt upon the church and placed it upon a prosperous footing; while in the Dominion square he renovated and refurnished the church, procuring a new organ, the finest in the city; while in Sherbrooke street church he saved it from the bankruptcy that threatened its existence, renovated and beautified the whole interior of the building, increased every source of revenue, and the membership filled the church; while in St. James' he more than doubled the pew rent, and his fame as a preacher was such that this, the largest church edifice in the Dominion, was frequently filled to overflowing. Although Mr. Henderson has been but a short time in active connection with his present charge a great impetus has already been given to the life of the church. The congregation has largely increased, the pews are being rapidly taken up, and the ushers find it difficult to accommodate the crowds who flock to the church, especially at evening service. The reason is not far to seek. Of fine presence, above the medium height and size, with black hair and full beard, both generously sprinkled with grey, handsome face, and flashing dark blue eyes, clear ringing voice, and a tongue on which lingers the faintest suggestion of the accent of his native land, such is Rev. Jas. Henderson, a strong, delightful personality, of kindly nature, generous and sympathetic disposition, a zealous Christian, and a preacher of remarkable eloquence and power. Indeed it is doubtful if his equal in this respect is to be found in the Dominion. As a preacher he is logical and incisive, has an unusual command of choice and vigorous English, is rich in metaphor bold and courageous in the expression of his opinions, and frequently rises to flights of geniune eloquence. Should the reverend gentleman's life and health be spared he has beyond doubt a brilliant and useful career before him.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec.	26th,	1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan.	2nd,	1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
"	23rd,	" :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
"	30th,	" :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb.	6th,	" :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
"	13th,	" :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
"	20th,	" :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
"	27th,	" :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March	5th,	" :	Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
"	12th,	" :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
"	19th,	" :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
"	26th,	" :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April	2nd,	" :	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.

Under the Earth.

The workmen in the deepest mines swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they never penetrate over one seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth.

In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines, and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at one hundred and twenty degrees.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only four thousand one hundred and seventy-two feet, about one thousand feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis.

While borings and mines reveal to us only a few secrets relating to the temperature and constitution of the earth for a few thousand feet below the surface, we are able by means of volcanoes to form some notion of what is going on at a greater depth.

There have been many theories about the cause of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that, though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth, they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies miles below the immediate sources of the volcanic energy.

Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it has been found that twenty to seventy per cent. of their weight is made up of imprisoned water. Now these rocks are buried in time under overlaying strata, which serve as a blanket to keep the enormous heat of the interior.

This heat turns the water into superheated steam, which melts the hardest rock, and when the steam finds a fissure in the strata above it it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy, and we have a volcano.

We find that these outpourings that have lain for countless ages many thousand feet below the surface are well adapted to serve the purpose of man. Many a vineyard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and the volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests, and its plains with luxuriant verdure.

The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the north-western corner of America, a region of lofty forests and great fertility.

The Value of a Comma.

A Prussian school inspector appeared in the office of the burgomaster of a little town, for the purpose of asking him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools. The burgomaster, rather out of sorts, muttered, "Does this donkey come again?" The inspector awaited his time for a proper answer, according to the immortal advice, "Vengeance is a dish that must be eaten cool."

When the inspector was introduced to the teacher, he said he wished to see how well punctuation was taught. The burgomaster, the local supervisory authority, said, "Never mind that; we care not for commas and the like." But the inspector ordered a boy to go to the board, and write, "The burgomaster of R. says, the inspector is a donkey." Then he ordered him to change the comma, by placing it after "R." and inserting one after "inspector." Thus, "The burgomaster of R., says the inspector, is a donkey." It was a cruel lesson; but it is reasonable to suppose that commas rose in the estimation of the "local supervisory authority."

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Home Culture.

DECORATIVE ART.

This sounds rather a large subject to treat of in a small article, yet it is one upon which much time, and much money is thrown away. Now-a-days there seems happily, however, to be less demand for painted plaques, milking stools, hanging panels, and piano covers than there used to be. People are beginning to realize that decoration may be over as well as under done. Bits of drapery festooned to pictures, and tied aimlessly to odd easels and cabinets are going out. Japanese fans and peacock feathers are less evident than of yore. The shadow which Oscar Wilde with his sunflowers, his blue china, and his general æstheticism cast over us is vanished. Even subdued lights and artistic effects are discouraged and the tendency is to sunshine, force, character, style. The reign of the vague is no more. We must have something definite, be it Louis Quinze or Louis Seize, Colonial or Medieaval, Italian or Early English. The usual reaction dogs the steps of art as well as history. One result of this reaction is the practical application of decorative art, to which I have reference. Girls who are fond of their brushes and oils or water colors, can now turn these accessories to a more useful purpose than the adornment of table scarfs and tea cosies. Many are the opportunities offered in the houses of to-day for the display of decorative art in fashions hitherto undreamt of. Few amateurs are artists enough to paint pictures, worthy of the name, but anyone who can draw well and color fairly may adorn and brighten the walls of her own home. Decorative paintings are not pictures in the true sense of the word, because they only profess to supply form or color for some given position in which the more carefully studied picture would suffer through lack or excess of light. This subject is receiving much attention from artists of standing. Decorative paintings in the shape of panels long or upright framed in wood, are most charming themes for the ornamentation of vacant spaces. A study of apples, for instance, if painted in varying tones of green upon a gold, or dull yellow background, and framed in oak or ash, gives an unique decoration for a dusky corner, a low book case, or an over mantel. In an upright position between two windows, or near some strong light, which would injure more delicate coloring, pine needles and cones if minute in themselves are nevertheless strong and vigorous in tones of browns and greens. The amateur can seek inspiration for her deriguns from nature, and can adapt her ideas to small square panels, as well as to long ones; if desirious of turning her talents to account, she might collaborate either with some architect or some well-known firm devoted to interior decoration, who would benefit by her ideas and assistance. The use of wooden panels with apt quotations for hall or dining-room, either painted or burnt in, has long been held in esteem. I have had in mind the use of letters only, but there is no reason why the wording of charming sentiments should not be combined with equally charming floral painting, and the two be made doubly attractive by their union.

MATERIALS.

With regard to the use of materials other than canvas beware of the application of oil or water-color to any decorative treatment. When oil is used the best process for its employment is that known in the States as dye tinting, which must not be confounded with tapestry painting or the use of dyes of any kind. This mode of treatment is as follows. Stretch your material upon a board placing between it and the board several sheets of heavy blotting paper. Pin or tack the fabric as tightly as possible over this, then proceed to draw your outlines as faintly as possible with pencil and Chinese white, using the latter for the outlines which are to be light. Prepare your oils, use very little turpentine, scrub the colors into the material with flat hog bristles brushes blending one tint into another rapidly and never retouching. The effect of this treatment gives a beautiful softness to the design and causes it to look as if it were really dyed into the material not painted on it as is the usual results of oils. Only materials that absorb easily are fitted for this process, satin, for instance, is positively useless, though all the sateens lend themselves admirably to it, also the thin silks, art cloths and sheetings. When the work is finished it may be gone over the next day and markings indicated with a pointed brush. Not only is dye painting the most effective, but it is also the most rapid process of decorative painting known. I have done a yard of it in one morning. The best scheme of color is the monochrome. Dark blues upon light blues or *vice versa*, and contrasts in one color yellows upon browns, pinks upon greens, etc. Realistic coloring should never be attempted except upon white grounds.

PAINTING ON SILK AND VELVET.

Doubtless you have seen the one universal rule for painting in water-colors on silk—namely to lay in the design thickly with Chinese white. Avoid this if you wish your work delicate, dainty and transparent, as all true water-color painting should be.

In the first place do not attempt to paint on any dark colored silk unless you use oils. These colors are generally mixed with white, which renders them opaque, therefore they lie on the surface of the texture and are much better suited in every way for the purpose.

The lighter the tints of the silk used for water colors the more beautiful the work will look. Having laid a clear piece of muslin under the silk, fasten both securely to the drawing board with pins. Common pins will do on the sides and upper part, but the lower side should be fastened with drawing tacks, which will not interfere with the hand. The silk should be perfectly smooth and tight. Draw the design with a hard pencil. If you can procure the prepared ox-gall, use it for a medium instead of water, having, of course, a glass of water beside you in which to wash the brush. If you cannot procure ox-gall, dissolve a bit of gum arabic in warm water and use thinly. Mix on the palette Chinese white with the lightest tints to be used. Paint the whole surface of the design. By this I mean, the whole flower or leaves, all the shadows and high lights. Do this in all cases, unless the silk is white. If you are painting on white silk, you will not require the Chinese white at all. The painting will look more transparent if allowed to blend with the texture of the goods. Be careful not to load the brush with too much moisture or too much color. On white silk therefore, wash delicately the color of the highest light on the design, leaving in white flowers, the silk for the high light. Then proceed with white or colored silk in exactly the same way, *i.e.*, paint the middle tints, and lastly bring these into the deepest shades or shadows. Paint the whole stem in the lightest tint to be used and strengthen on the shaded side. Be careful about using too much ox-gall or gum. The latter must not be thick enough to give a gloss to the printing. Allow the silk to remain upon the board until perfectly dry. In almost all cases it will be found necessary to strengthen the shadows. A little clear bright color at this part of the work will add force and beauty to the whole. In speaking of painting on silk and satin, I would suggest that you never select red or black for the color of the fabric. The red color of the material is sure to strike through the colors used, and in the case of the black are neutralised by it. Use oil colors in painting upon red and black satin. The same process may be used for bolting cloth as has been described for painting on white silk, great care being taken to avoid too much moisture.

One can paint on velvet in water-color by using a stiff bristle brush, and scrubbing the color into the texture. Put the design in with Chinese white using a fine pointed brush. The colors should blend with the fabric instead of lying on the surface, except in the case of the high lights which can be added when the whole is dry. A good deal of white may be required with the colors to give them body, but this will depend upon the color of the velvet, and it is best to experiment upon a small piece of goods to be used before painting the design. In all cases fasten the material tight upon the board, and do not remove it until the work is quite dry. It is easier to paint on velvet however, with oils, using turpentine as a medium. Velvet now is less used than formerly for decorative purposes.

E. MOLSON SPRAGGE.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Principles Governing the Arrangement of Movable Decorations.

Among the numerous contributions to our literature of greater or less consequence, which treat of the higher aims and endeavors of decorative art, we would introduce some observations on one of the

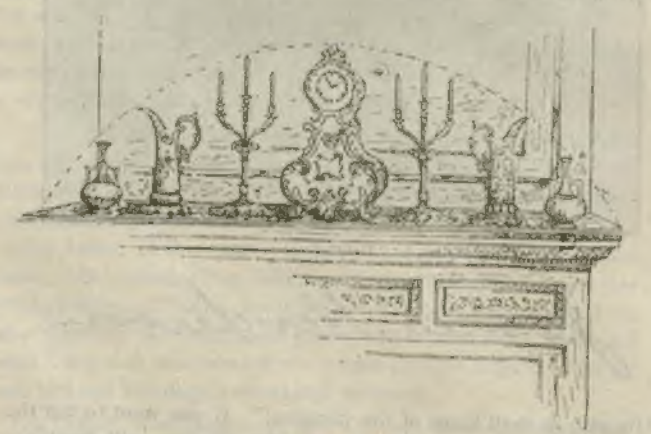

FIG. 1.

underlying principles of the art, which, it is true, are familiar to every practical and thorough decorator, but which, nevertheless, may prove of interest to many of our readers. It is the theory of the broken line, in contradistinction to the straight line in relation to its application in an original manner to the decoration of dwellings, that we would expatiate upon.

The broken line, in consequence of the angles produced and of the multiplication of faces, creates an impression of motion and life, while the straight line, as well as the uniformly curved line, the circular line, conveys an idea of solidity, durability, of strength and support. The latter, therefore, find universal application in our architectural decoration. Entablatures, cornices, lintels of doors and windows, chimney pieces, etc., are, therefore, always constructed on straight or curved lines since it is essential, above all things, that they should convey an impression of stability, of endurance, of rest and safety. Our furniture also must be built in accordance with these principles, and requires the exclusive use of the straight and the curved line.

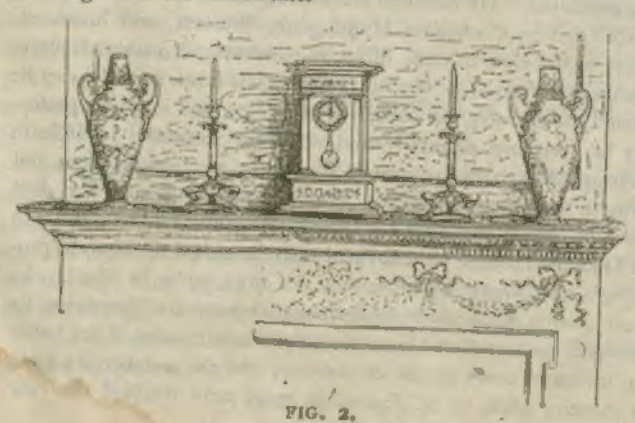

FIG. 2.

It is entirely different, however, with movable decorations. Here the broken line, with its suggestion of motion and life, must be awarded its due. It would be as unpracticable to finish off the top of a mantel with an elegant curve as it would be objectionable to arrange the movable decprations on the mantel so that their tips would form a regular curve, or would form a straight line parallel with the mantel-shelf or table. See Figs. 1 and 2.

FIG. 3.

Humbert de Superville shows in an excellent, but nevertheless rare and little known work, by means of the three preceding figures, that by a slight variation of the principal lines of the human countenance the most varied emotions are clearly and intelligibly depicted. When the lines of the mouth and eyes are parallel with the line of the nose the countenance is in greatest repose. If the same lines, somewhat lengthened, form angles whose apices point downward, the face takes on a joyous expression, whereas, if the points of the angles point upwards, the countenance bears the unmistakable stamp of sadness.

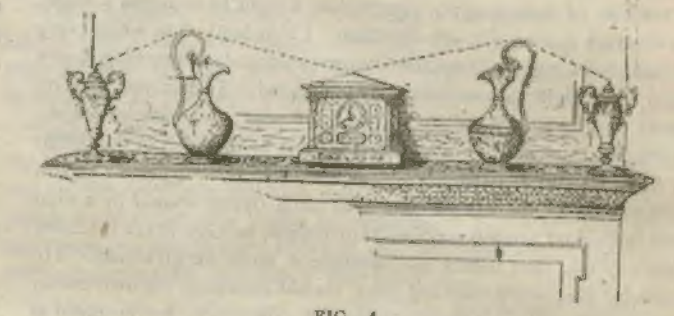

FIG. 4.

This observation is no new thing, and when we recall the fact that for many centuries the upward spreading poplar has been known as the tree of liberty, while the drooping willow has been designated as the symbol of mourning, we see here an analogous instance.

From these observations we may draw a practical conclusion and apply it to decoration. In arranging the movable decorations in our apartments we should bear this in mind, and arrange these articles so that lines drawn through their tips will form angles

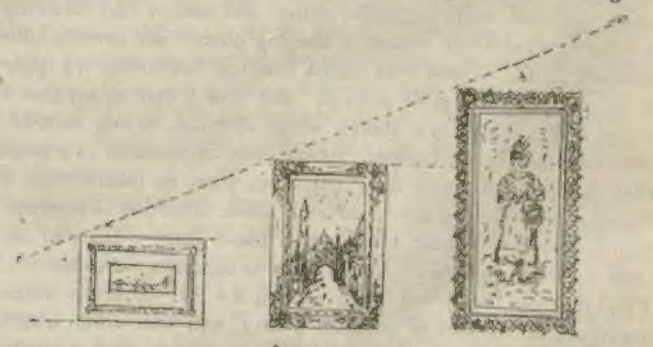

FIG. 5.

whose apices point downward, by which our decoration would assume a lively aspect, and the entire arrangement of the room being carried out in this way the effect as a whole cannot fail to be pleasant and cheerful. See fig. No. 3. The contrary would undoubtfully be the case if the points of angles were turned upward as in fig. 4.

In the use of the broken line regular progression, furthermore, must be avoided, as this disturbs the lines and destroys symmetry. For instance, we will suppose that we are to hang three pictures of the same breadth, but of varying height, upon a wall, as in fig. 5. Say the first picture is one foot, the second two feet and the third three feet high. In this case we should under no circumstances

FIG. 6.

hang up the pictures one after the other in order of their size, since in this manner, a line drawn through the corners of the pictures would not form a broken line, but would be changed into a straight line—F. B. (see fig. 5.), thereby losing the desired effect, and, moreover, forms steps, rendering this arrangement on the whole altogether objectionable. If, on the contrary, such an arrangement is made as that shown in fig. 6, the beauty and expression of the broken line is again obtained, the symmetry is re-established, so far as possible, and the decorative effect is altogether a satisfactory one.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH (Mr Gerald Donaldson)
POLESKA (Miss Jardine Thompson)
"Love me so"
IVAN (Mr Kirkpatrick)
The INTRIGANT (Mr Lyn Harding)
"CHATTER CHATTER, WHEN THE TONGUE RUNS SAYS THE PROVERB"
MICHELINE (Miss Roberts)
OSIP (Mr S. Foster)
"Is it my fault that all the men make love to me?"
BARONESS VLADIMIR (Miss Hare)
"A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON" AT THE ACADEMY
JEAN

Fashions.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Riding Habits.

A little girl's riding habit is shown in illustration 54, having a simple skirt cut four inches longer on the right side than on the left, to be held up when walking by a strap and button. With a Norfolk waist of the material—serge or tweed—this makes a pretty habit.

RIDING SUIT FOR A BOY.

No. 55 shows a short cutaway coat and *pique* vest, silk tie, and collar. This mode is extremely good for summer wear, with melton cloth habit.

No. 56 is shown a favorite style, a double-breasted, tightly fitting waist, with round basque, very becoming to a youthful figure. It can be worn with a standing collar and demi-vest, or this may be removed and a white turn-down collar and silk tie substituted.

In the case of a woman's riding habit, it is quite necessary it should be made by a ladies' tailor. The skirt, as well as the waist, must fit to perfection, and work be substantial enough to stand wear and tear. The best advice is always to patronize a first-class house for such costumes. Just now light-weight whip-cord is highly recommended, as it sheds dust and does not readily spot or crease. As to cut, many women prefer the plain waist, buttoned down the front with a single row of buttons.

Top hats are chiefly in vogue, but veils are never used when the rider is well turned out.

Short, stout hunting crops are invariably carried by men and women in lieu of whips, even for ordinary riding.

Our Paris Fashion Letter.

The spring fashions cannot be commended for their originality, but depend for their chic upon some variations in cut and trimming of last winter's models. Long basques, belted bodices, clinging skirts and towering sleeves are not new, but a few deft touches suffice to give them that distingue air which excuses their lack of novelty.

Light colors, much jetted trimmings and plain straight effects are still the thing; an attempt is being made to revive small paniers, but it is not probable that they will be accepted. Women have become so accustomed to the severe clinging effects that it will be difficult to reinstate the pannier or the bulky full skirt.

Gowns are, if possible, more collant than ever, the contours of the limbs being distinctly outlined, although they still flare from the knees downward.

There is no present prospect of the revival of short dresses, the regulation gown almost touching in front and laying two or three inches on the ground at the back.

Long, pointed narrow trains are more fashionable than the square cut ones, and are deeply faced up with crinoline to keep them from twisting and turning over in walking.

The Stuart puff, which is a loose fluffy puff cut on the bias, is newer as a finish to skirts than the narrow flounces.

Some of the flounces are sewed beneath the edge of the skirt and trimmed up and caught near the top, the ruffle standing up instead of down.

Rose ruchings of India silk with pinked edges are made double and save much time to the dressmaker; they come in two shades of a color, the two toned rose ruching and also the yellow being lovely to behold. These ruches are decidedly perishable as the pink edges soon become ragged and untidy. They are not a good investment, as they cost several dollars a yard and do not last. Not only one but several pinked ruffles are sewn upon the inside of the skirt and in some cases these dainty balayeuses are embroidered or finished with lace, either black or white. One can purchase these plaitings of almost every conceivable shade in the shops, and they are certainly a great labor-saving device, besides protecting the dress from wear and soil.

The double and even the triple skirt is again seen; it is no longer the voluminous double skirt of our mothers, but is two or three overlapping skirts which adapt themselves to the exigencies of the bell shape; sometimes the overskirt is simulated by trimming. This style of skirt is not as graceful as the unbroken lines of the plain skirt, but it is quite new and will be worn to some extent.

The dressmakers are divided as to the merits of the underpetticoat or the lined skirt; many skirts have the lining sewed in with the material, which can be easily done where it has several gores; with the one back seam the lining has an inclination to bag and set badly.

Some dressmakers make a compromise by sewing the upper part and the lining together half way down, and then leaving each separate and distinct from there to the foot.

Some of the wool dress skirts have no lining whatever and the strictly tailor-made ones have strapped seams.

There is an agitation among the purveyors of fashion in regard to the short waist, the tendency of the wide girdles and sashes tending toward short-waisted effects; there will no doubt be a steady opposition to this style, as it is apt to make the waist look large and the figure awkward if there is any tendency toward embonpoint.

The belted Russian blouse makes the waist appear short unless the figure is decidedly slender; to obviate this some of the new blouses have the back fulness held by a narrow strap and buckle, while the front is girdled in pointed fashion.

Wraps.

Some of the new capes are of bengaline in black and also in the drabs and tans. Not a few of these remind one strongly of the bell skirt, for they are cut on the bias with a very little fullness at the neck and flaring wider at the bottom; revers which form careless hoods, deep ruffles of heavy lace from an embroidered or jetted yoke, or a jabot front, are the many styles in which these becoming garments are fashioned. In others the cape proper comes only just below the waist, the added length being made of gold or jet open work passementerie with *entre deux* of guipure or Russian lace.

In jackets there is scarcely any visible change, the shapes remaining almost the same as those of last winter.

Almost all of them reach to or below the knee and in most cases tight fitting; light colors prevail with an excess of braiding or embroidery. A jacket of pearl colored cloth is extremely chic. It is entirely covered with a delicate pattern in braiding, separated by narrow gold soutache.

A noticeable feature in jackets and carnails is the flaring collar and yoke which is cut all in one piece and not added to the yoke as was the case last season.

Ladders of gold and green or gold and blue braid appear on tan jackets, but are somewhat conspicuous; other coats have a bodice effect simulated by narrow sharp Vandykes of gold with an encircling line which forms a girdle; from this descends deep slender braided Vandykes.

Rosettes of jet or pearl are rather heavy, but extremely ornamental; they may be detached and used separately.

RIDING HABITS.

NO. 54. RIDING HABIT FOR YOUNG GIRL. NO. 55. SHORT CUTAWAY AND PIQUE VEST.
NO. 56. DOUBLE-BREASTED, TIGHTLY FITTING WAIST WITH ROUND BASQUE.

COSTUMES
BY OUR ARTIST
AT WM. STITT & CO'S
JEAN

Literature.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

To E. Pauline Johnson.

Poetic mind! thou'st sprung from Indian blood,
The fire of that quick people in thy veins,
And who more meet to sing of flame and flood,
And devastating sweep of those fair plains,
That were thy forefathers' just domains,
Poetic daughter of a noble race;
All hail to thee! then now alone remain;
That thou shoulds't tell with thy becoming grace
The ills that bowed them down and hid each warrior face.

Each face is hid, but 'tis alone by death,
For never breathed those braver than thy sires,
And true they were till their fleeting breath
To those traditions taught around their fires,
When met in council chiefs of high desires
With hearts and minds that seemed to do a wrong
Until the pale face came; we hear thy lyre's
Sweet swelling tones arise as rolls along
In pure and plaintive strains thy sorrow-burdened song.

It rolls along the fretted dome of time,
And tells the ages that thy race could feel
And felt too, till suffering grew sublime.
Ingratitude stings keener far than steel
And bids the fierce feelings all congeal
Until we are not what we seemed to be
And dare not to the world ourselves reveal
As when thy race unto its bosom free
Had pressed the whiteman on that island in the sea.

OSCAR OSLAND.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, speaking of Edward Bok and his advice to young writers, says: "The fact is, these literary advisers are owls discussing a glorious summer day. The only literature they are acquainted with is the sales ledger of the publisher. Their only standard is material success. They would degrade all literary art to the public tastes, and the public is a great fool. These advisers are not merely unable to understand what literature is, but they are the vermin of journalism. The only advice that is worth anything to a true writer is this; Be true to yourself. Any charlatan can learn to pander to the public. A great writer writes because he must write; and if his mental integrity can only be saved by finding other work to do for his bread, he will find that other work, or starve. It is far more honorable to chop wood for one's living than to write for a market that demands the prostitution of one's talents. Unfortunately, all our literature is now dominated by a counting-house god of respectability, which insists upon everything being made colorless in the interests of a stupid mob, or else refuses to give a writer an audience. It is before this god that the literary advisers spend their time in burning incense, and woe to the man of genius who will not bow with the common herd; he will starve while these gentry live in the purple. The apotheosis of the commonplace is the literary miracle of these days of popular periodicals, and literature is brought into contempt. The man who writes for a certain market, a certain stripe of periodical, writes for the limbo of literature. The great thinkers of the world have not written to please fools. The popular writer must write to please his public; and, consequently, literary damnation awaits everything he writes."

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

SEGNA, I'm glad to see you again, my dear; I wonder how you recognized yourself under that funny misprint of a name you got a week or two back. I hope you and the other old cousins will come again and again. Remember it is you and those others who make the cosey corner. It wouldn't be much good without you girls, would it? I am so glad you like it, I wish you knew how I enjoy this evening hour, when Boaz is out or busy and I come up to my own cosy room and gently lift down that little gold hand and call on my cousins one by one. It is so full this week. The cousins have given me such sweet lovely ways to spend that evening I asked about, but not such divers ways as I expected. One or two have made tears come into my eyes as I read them.

DEAR DORA, I don't think your way was silly, but the most interesting and touching choice of any yet. God grant my child that it may someday come true, if not here, then above. I am so glad the recipe was useful; you were right—I meant the place you mention. I know the lady you speak of very well—her sister who is dead was my dearest chum, and the other married one lives in my childhood's home. I know the whole family. There! we have lots of mutual friends now, inside the cosy corner, too! If I read the article I have forgotten, but then, you know I read so many. I will try and get hold of it. As to your other question, I can only say try, for I am not an authority on the matter at all. If good wishes help things along, pray accept mine.

GIRLS, old and new, I have a splendid cousin to introduce to you, Marion from Prince Edward Island, the garden of the Gulf, as people call it, when they gaze on its fertile fields. Marion, like Cora and sweet Maria down in Quebec, has asked me to come and see her. Now, cousins three, this is fairly cruel! You make me so restless, I just ache to set off post-haste for three places at once! But here I must stay, for the present, anyway. Well, Marion, if ever you come to Toronto, I will be very glad to have a chat with you, for, judging by your letter, you're the sort of person who is worth talking to. As to your request, I've handed the matter to the editor of a prominent paper, and it will doubtless be in type before this letter. If you will send me your address I will send you the copy it comes out in. If there was any bitter in your other letter, I've forgotten it, and this one was just fine. I was much interested by it. Please stay in the cosy corner and send me your idea of a pleasant evening. I'd like to hear it greatly.

No danger of getting a brain fever over such a jolly letter as yours, my new cousin, Elbertae. I used once to live in gingerbread land myself, (you see the postmark gave you away, my dear!) Your happy evening was most enticing, really you made me quite envious of even the fancied delights of it. About your black cashmere. Sponge it carefully with ammonia and water, not too hard, not too wet, and not too strong, please; then spread a clean silk handkerchief or something that has no fluff over it, and press it with a pretty warm iron. The spots will vanish if you do this carefully and deftly. If you want to write to Lily Pearl, away off in her African Egyptian home, find out for sure how much the postage is, then write your letter, close it and stamp it and send it to me, and I will address it for you. If you send your address inside Lily Pearl can give you hers in exchange when she answers your letter, which I am sure she will do. I am sure all the cousins will send love to you, in return for your affectionate messages, and I do hope you will write again, you are such a bright, sweet lassie. I am proud to call you cousin.

PATTIE hops in with her pleasant evening in her hand and never asks to be made a cousin; don't you like us well enough to "call cousins" yet, my girl? You and Elbertae should agree well for her idea of a pleasant evening is almost identical with yours. The difference is that Elbertae wants a beau all to herself, while you either don't or won't have one. "Somebody's brother," she calls the lucky creature. Well, of course Cousin Ruth can do without that luxury, and I am sure you and Elbertae have sketched a most delightful evening. She has most fun in hers, yours has a more intellectual and improving tone. Now, don't you feel as if you wanted to be a cousin, Pattie.

WELCOME, Janet from Winnipeg. My! what a life you have had, growing up with that far-off city. I do hope our paper and ourselves are friends to many a girl alone and in want of sympathy, as you say. You must not believe in those opinions you read, don't be deterred by them, go ahead and prosper! What a funny question you gave me about the "grass widow." I am sure they are generally "in clover," and are not bothered with "weeds." Perhaps it's because they "make hay while the sun shines." Oh, I am growing frivolous! I will be serious, Janet, and find how the term originated for it is rather a curious one, is it not? I am sure your letters will always be welcome to me, write again.

AH, Cora, I see through your pleasant evening! Just you two! Well, I know that would be your happiness, and I have known about it myself, and first of all, let me tell you that your parcel came, I got it on the second Saturday in this month. I don't know where it has been all the time, the picture came ages ago. I think I have read about that little half-knit sock, with the needles rusted in, to a score of gentle hearts, and everyone feels the touch of nature in it! The influence of your environment breathes purely through everything you sent me. Thank you ever so much, I will send your parcel in a day or two, and you will get it before you read this, I suppose. How you will laugh over some of its contents, at least I hope so.

OH dear, here is another of those tantalizing cousins, with her talk about visits! She is even going to send me a ticket to go away off and see her, when her ship comes home. Now, look here, Invalid, if you were well and strong, I'd do something dreadful to you, really! but you dear thing, I feel so sorry to think of you on your sofa, and I am so very glad you take a little comfort out of the girls and me, that I can't do much more than blow you a kiss, and think a lot of you. How interesting your talk about the mines and the Black Hills was to me. A dear girl friend of mine has a husband who was out with Custer, there, and until I got your letter I had always a horror of those hills. But now, you see the thoughts are good and loving that come from there in the dainty writing of my invalid cousin, and the place seems quite different to me. I will try and get some of those missing papers for you. You might write and complain to the Postmaster General. Papers and delineation cards have often miscarried, and with such a big circulation as we have, it is as much as our mailing staff can do to send them once, let alone twice, to each subscriber. I shall be so glad to see the book you send, and if you wish, will return it. You touch a large subject, cousin dear, in your remarks about money and hearts, they don't often run together, but hearts are trump every time. I did laugh when I came to your love for Professor Wickle. That's the first decent word that poor man has had, so far as I know, after all his hard six months' work.

YOU dear little Violet, thanks for writing about your lovely Southern home. I could almost smell the orange blossoms, and the other lovely flowers: how delightful it must be, to be sure! If I ever get a chance, and the chance comes at the right time, I'll see that Crescent City, and Florence, and you, and Georgia and Maria. There are half a dozen dear girls as sweet as the orange blossoms down there, of my own Cosy Corner Cousins. Why didn't you send me a little posy of those violets in that garden you tell about. As for your timid ways, for which you ask a remedy, I should try and not think about myself, rather of other people. At the same time, Violet, dear, blushes and timidity are a charm so sweet and rare these days that I'd keep them, I think.

Your own,
COUSIN RUTH.

An Ideal Husband.

78 My ideal husband is physically a splendid type of Manhood; genial, affable, sympathetic; firm but not obstinate, courageous, kind, generous, forgiving, forbearing, unselfish, energetic persevering; industrious with fine business capacity; respected and self-respecting; of unassuming dignity, the Soul of Honor; faithful to all life's duties; devotedly attached to his wife and family; possesses the faculty of making home and all around him happy; proficiency in music, the manly arts, the usages of polite society; a cultivated mind richly endowed with knowledge and wisdom; fine taste, sound judgment, and a heart overflowing with good will to Man and Love to God. The above describes my ideal husband, whether it meets with the approval of other ladies or not I cannot say; I await their decision.

79. A gentleman, one of nature's noblemen, free from fear and above reproach. A believer in his Creator, with a mind though bending to worldly ambitions, yet capable of rising to the everlasting beauties and truths of life. Framed as a lordly soul should be, in strength and pleasing manhood, possessing that tenderness of the strong which is woman's happiness, which brings comfort in the merest domestic jar, and rescues from overwhelming sorrow. And yet, I know if one should come in love's blinding light, dazzled, silent and contented, I would grope to his side. God grant the radiance fade not.

Anecdote of Haydn.

Haydn did not live on the happiest terms with his wife, and the couple were separated for a long while. Kranz once found in Haydn's apartments a bundle of unbroken letters, all addressed to the great composer. "What are these?" he inquired. "Let them alone," said Haydn; "they are hateful epistles of my wife's. She writes me regularly every month, and I reply to her without opening her letters or reading their contents. She does the same with my replies."

"A Feather In His Cap."

"A Feather In His Cap," signifying honor and distinction, arose from the custom prevalent among the ancient Syrians, and perpetuated to-day among the various savage or semi civilized tribes of Asia and America, of adding a new feather to their headgear for every enemy slain. In the days of chivalry, the maiden knight received his casque featherless, and won his plumes as he won his spurs. In a manuscript, written by Richard Hensard in 1698, and preserved in the British Museum, it is said of the Hungarians that it had been an ancient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, and to such only it was lawful to show the number of feathers in their caps. In Scotland and Wales it is still customery for the sportsman who kills his first woodcock to pluck out a feather and stick it in his cap.

The Day of Creation.

At what season of the year was the world created. In a recent sermon Dr. Talmage declared that the work of creation began on a Monday morning in May. Cruden, however, favors the autumn, as will be seen by the following note under the head "World."

"It was also inquired at what season of the year the world was created. The generality of the fathers think it was created in the spring. But a number of others, among whom are the most learned chronologists, contend that the world was created in the autumn. They urge: (1) That the Hebrews, the Egyptians and most of the Orientals began their year at autumn, which custom they had received from their ancestors, and they from the first men, who would naturally commence their year from the time when the world began. (2) When God created Adam and Eve, and all other animals, He was to provide them with necessary nourishment. (3) There was fruit upon the trees in the Garden of Eden, Gen. iii. 2, 3. It was, therefore, autumn, they say, in whatever place we suppose Adam to have been created.

Origin of Nursery Rhymes.

"Three Blind Mice" is a music book of 1609.

"A Froggie would a-Wooing Go" was licensed in 1650.

"Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" dates from Charles II., as does also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket."

"Old Mother Hubbard," "Goosey, Goosey, Gander" "and "Old Mother Goose" apparently date back to the sixteenth century.

"Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer" "Blue Beard" and "Tom Thumb" were given to the world in Paris in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

"Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad baron, who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. His history was put into a riddle, the meaning of which was an egg.

"The Babes in the Wood" was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out, upon a mantelpiece in which is carved the entire history.

In The Play Room.

Aunt Dorothy, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Aunt Dorothy," in care of this paper.

Buy My Pretty Flowers.

Who will buy my pretty flowers?
Fresh are they and sweet;
I have walked for many hours,
And, with tired feet.

Longing, sigh for rest and quiet,
To be far away
From the city's din and riot,
On this spring-like day.

But I have an ailing mother
Asking me for bread,
Sisters and a little brother
Wanting to be fed.

Oh! then buy my pretty flowers,
Do not pass again;
I have waited many hours
Must I ask in vain?

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

Nos. 1. CHARADE—Heroine. 3. SINGLE ACROSTIC S teel.
T rout.
2. NORA I taly.
IRON R ose.
NOTE L ion.
ANEW I nk.
N ita.
G ray.
Stirling.

4. BURIED TOWNS. 5. ENIGMAS. 6. QUEER QUERIES.
1. Trieste—Ely. 1. Prague 1. A table.
2. Zell—Leon. 2. Milton. 2. A needle.
3. Canton—Benares.
4. Lisbon—Tripoli.

Puzzles.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot?—
2. Why are railways like laundresses?—
3. Which is the most difficult train to catch?
4. Which is the easiest of the three professions?—
5. Charade.—

You may eat me or drink me,
Deny it who can;
I'm sometimes a woman,
And sometimes a man.

6. Charade.—

My first's a happy state indeed,
My second is not empty;
My whole expresses man's estate,
When there's enough and plenty

7. Charade.—

Upon four legs with men I stand,
But need no food from any hand;
It is my honorable lot
To grace the mansion or the cot;
And ease I give to all conditions,
To peasants low and proud patricians.
Remove my first I'm doomed to share
Chief portions of the dandy's care,
Remove my next, I then am made
Essential quite to every grade;
Though never seen in my existence
None live without my free assistance.

8. LOGOGRIPH.—

When quite complete, a specimen I may be said to be;
Now large or spacious if you will; but take the head off me
Transpose, and then behold a tree which yields a useful juice;
Behead, and once again transpose, you have here an excuse;
Turn this about, and without doubt, the next will be a bound;
Now do the same, and then my name will surely be a sound;
Next this transpose, and here a fence will come before your sight
My whole behead, curtail, transpose and it will show a light;
This please behead, and then transpose the world on men's portrayed;
My whole behead, delete, transpose, and masculine's displayed;
Now this transpose, I will disclose that I am to disable
Do so once more, and it is sure I'm seen upon your table.

9. CHARADE.

My second very poor must be,
Who owneth not my first;
My whole, a trade is, and, if bad,
I'm sure is not the worst.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR:—You must not think you are going to have a grand letter when you open this, because you are not; when I'm a man I will write nicer than I do now, and maybe I'll send you one then. I'm not going to wait till I grow up though, but want to begin right away. Everybody laughed when I said I was going to write to the Editor of the LADIES' WEEKLY, but I didn't care if they did, because I think little boys have as much right to send letters as big ones have, don't you? Big boys think they can do everything they like, but when I'm a little older I'll show the ones who stay round here they can't.

Rob Hornicroft, who comes to see Lily—that's my sister— is just as bad as any one I know. When he comes in of an evening he says to me, "Well, Charlie, are you not in bed yet?" "No," says I, "I ain't"; and last night I let him know I wasn't going to bed just to please him; I told him it was a pity a boy could not do as he liked in his mother's own house. I got it from Lily for that. She told me if I was ever rude to Rob again she would—you know what you get when you are naughty, don't you, Editor? But I do think it's real mean to have to be kept out of the way all the time, just when visitors come, too. Why, that is the time one can have some fun; but mamma can't see it in that way.

Next chance I get I'm going to write you another letter; it will be a longer one than this. CHARLIE.

What Will They Not Say?---The Children.

NED'S PLEASE.

Said hungry Ned at breakfast,
"Mamma, another cake,"
"If——" prompted she.
"If," promptly he,
"I should die before I wake!"

A LADY crossing King Street one morning not long ago, remarked to the crossing sweeper, "I am glad to see that you wear a blue ribbon;" to which the sweeper replied, "Yes'm, I gets as much in the way o' charity for wearin' on it as buys me drops o' beer and such like comfor'ble.

FATHER:—"Well, my boy, how do you like college? Alma Mater has turned out some good men." Young Hopeful:—"Yes, she's just turned me out."

A LITTLE girl upon being asked to name the greatest festival in the church, replied, "the strawberry festival."

THE FLOWER GIRL.

AUNT DOROTHY wishes to thank Maud S., Samuel, John T. M., Katie B, Bertie, Grace, Maud Ella, Bliss, and many others for the pleasant letters received, some of which we have not space for at present, also J. D. Lambert Jr; E. M. Cross; Aunt Bessie; Mary Jones; Mrs. W. T. Greene; and Marjorie F. Latimer; for contributions.

PUZZLES for the month of March were answered by Maud Ella, Bliss, Utah, Salt-Lake Co; Agnes May, Montreal; Winnie B, Texas; Arthur Oats, Bay City Mich; Millie, Toronto; Ellen Roy, Texas; Maggie Y. Toronto; John T. N., Glasgow, Eddie F. N., Scotland; and John Bull, London, Eng.

The Travels of a Mouse.

CHAPTER I.

In an old cellar, in one of the busy streets of London, not far from Wapping Old Stairs, lived a family of mice, which consisted of father, mother and five children.

The cellar was dark and damp, and everything about it looked as dismal as any dungeon you would find in that wonderful old city. The windows in front looking up into the narrow street were secured by heavy bars, and an iron grating through which the light shown served as a protection to the dirty glass.

At the far end of this underground apartment were other windows, fastened as those in the front; down in one corner was a tiny hole, which, by any casual passer, would remain unnoticed, and through which these little creatures passed from cellar to roadway and returned.

How the old parents came to live there was always a mystery to the children; the place was so cold and dark seldom did a ray of sunshine penetrate the gloom; nevertheless, they were happy enough, for the food was plentiful and quietness reigned supreme. The old cellar, in days gone by, had been used as a packing and storage house wherein fruit was kept; but at the time of which I write there was nothing but dates and nuts—and those only for a short time—awaiting shipment to foreign countries. On these the mice fed whenever a hole could be found by which to enter, and that was easy enough. One morning the family was awakened by the sudden falling and tumbling of boxes and barrels; men were bringing down cases of European nuts for storage, but soon to be sent to America.

The barrels were not there very long before father mouse had gnawed with his sharp teeth a hole in the head of one and gone in; out he came again, and across the floor he sped—it seemed that he could not hurry fast enough—to tell the children of the treat in store for them. The afternoon of that day Jerry, the youngest of the mouse family, wended his way to the barrel again; he so much enjoyed the treat in the morning that, unwise though it was, he returned to have a second feed, and this time alone.

The family never again saw Jerry; when he told his mother he was going over to have another nibble at the nuts those were the last words she heard him utter.

Jerry barely ensconced himself in the barrel, and was busily eating, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the barrel was upturned and placed on its other end. Where was Jerry? When the man lifted it the contents were disturbed, and a large shell covered the hole through which poor Jerry had crept; escape was then not possible.

The men still tumbled the barrel about; over and over it rolled, across floor to the hoist, then up to the floor, on to a wagon, through the streets to the station; and what was Jerry's dismay when he found he was on board a freight train bound for Portsmouth.

Poor little fellow! he looked about; he could only see rows and rows of brown shells—for by this time he had been shaken into the centre of the barrel—but he did not give up the effort of making his way to the head again, and through that escape. No! he pushed his way in this corner, through one space and another, until he thought he had almost reached the spot of which he was in search; to his horror he found that he had come to the opposite end, and all his efforts were useless.

He contented himself by thinking that when the car was unloaded he would try again. Not long had he to wait, however, for the train was already nearing the station and preparation being made to unload.

Jerk! jerk! and Jerry knew that they had stopped. All hands to work, and the business began. Box after box was taken off, case after case, barrel after barrel was removed, and, in less time than it took Jerry to wink, the one in which he so quietly but sorrowfully remained was placed on a large truck, along with others, and wheeled to the side of an immense vessel, and shortly after taken on board. What were his thoughts? Sorrow and grief, mingled with feelings of intense fear, almost distracted him. He whined and squeaked, in his own way pleading to be released; but what was his little voice in comparison with that of the dogs and other animals prowling round the docks? Poor Jerry! you can imagine his feelings when he discovered the vessel was slowly moving from the pier, and all hope of seeing father, mother, brothers, sisters, and his own native land was at an end.

For a long time he mourned and grieved, but that availed him nothing, for he became aware of the fact that he must not be idle; he must try, by some means or other, to get out of his trap; there he would die if some escape were not effected.

(*Continued in our next.*)

Hazelkirk

WHEN a person wishes to leave a Japanese theatre temporarily he is not given a pass-out check, as in this country. The doorkeeper takes the person by the hand, and imprints upon it the stamp of the establishment.

THE reason given why birds do not fall from their perch is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. Look at a hen walking, and see it close its toes as it lifts its foot, and open them as it touches the ground.

DR. HAMMOND states that there are very few, if any, cosmetics which do not contain lead. He also says that death from lead poisoning by the use of cosmetics is by no means an uncommon case. The introduction of lead into the system produces various effects—colic, paralysis, prostration of the nervous system and insanity being the most common results.

A MAN hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days, came upon the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He hadn't strength to go further, but he managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. Then he made himself as comfortable as possible, and waited. The plan worked well. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer in time to save his life.

THE largest kitchen in the world is in the Bon Marche in Paris. It has four thousand employees. The smallest kettle contains one hundred quarts, and the largest five hundred. Each of fifty roasting-pans is big enough for three hundred cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds two hundred and twenty-five pounds. When omelettes are on the bill of fare, seven thousand eight hundred eggs are used at once. For cooking alone, sixty cooks and one hundred assistants are always at the ranges.

An Old Kentucky Home.

The exquisite pathos of the ballad "Old Kentucky Home," finds a responsive chord in every human heart, but to the genuine Kentuckians, exiled by fate or circumstance from home, it appeals with peculiar eloquence. Kentucky cannot boast of lordly domains, the gift of royalty, with their ancient and spacious mansions containing numerous evidences of the baronial style in which the proprietors

lived, and many queer old relics of the days of aristocracy, when ladies rode in their coaches-and-six, and "gentlemen" were in fashion. Such estates were the especial pride of the mother-state, aristocratic old Virginia. These ancient homesteads, many of them dating back to the seventeenth century, were owned by the most prominent families, most of them scions of noble English stock, who finding themselves after the Revolutionary war reduced in fortune, sent forth their hardiest and most enterprising sons to carve out homes, fortunes and independence for themselves in the wilds of Kentucky.

In fact, it may be said, that what the American Colonies were to England, Kentucky was to these Colonies after the Revolutionary war. This wonderful wilderness proved, in truth, a "dark and bloody ground" to the pioneer heroes. It cost them years of toil and strife and blood to win this fair and favored land, but by every drop of blood shed and every moment of toil and suffering spent in the winning, were their homes endeared to them.

This love of the hardly earned ancestral home is very strong in the hearts of Kentucky men. With the women it is almost a religion—naturally—for to them Home is the blessed epitome of Heaven. No word in the English language is to the matrons of Kentucky so sweet and comprehensive as Home. So it is, that the sad refrain, to "My old Kentucky Home," appeals with peculiar pathos to the Kentucky mothers and daughters exiled from their inherited homes.

Many of the homes established by the pioneers are still in possession of their families. Especially is this the case in the Blue-grass region, and about them still cling traditions of love, cruelty and heroism, furnishing inexhaustible stores of material, out of which the poet, painter and writers of fiction may fabricate the most pleasing forms of art.

The oldest, and for this reason, the most noted, of the old Kentucky estates, is "Traveler's Rest—" the Shelby homestead. The first certificate of settlement and pre-emption granted by the Governor of Virginia was to Isaac Shelby, "for raising a crop of corn in the county of Kentucky, in the year 1776, on the land which Shelby made his farm in 1780."

The name Traveler's Rest "was given to this "grant" on account of its being the resting place of all the early settlers on their way into "settlements," and the camping grounds of the friendly Indians who were passing to and fro, to treat and trade with the whites. Isaac Shelby always supplied the Indians with corn when they camped on his place, and treated them otherwise so well, that

TRAVELER'S REST. (REAR VIEW.)

he was known amongst them as "old King Shelby." The charred remains of the old oak tree still stand, near which they always camped, under which several noted treaties were signed.

"Traveler's Rest" is in Lincoln county—one of the original counties into which Kentucky was divided in 1760 by the Legislature of Virginia, and is five miles from Danville, the first capital of Kentucky—before it was a State. Here were erected the first court-house and jail—both built of logs.

It was in this court-house that the numerous conventions were held to consider and decide upon the expediency of a separation of Kentucky from Virginia, and to petition Congress for admission of the new State into the federal union by the name of Kentucky, which was done on the fourth of February, 1791.

In accordance with the provisions of the constitution of the State, Isaac Shelby was two years after declared Governor, and again in 1812, when past seventy, he was solicited to become a candidate, and only consented on the condition (so honorable to his love of country) that the United States were involved in war. He was elected. In answer to a call for volunteers in the summer of 1813, Governor Shelby placed himself at the head of 4,000 men, whom he commanded in the decisive battle of the Thames. He was awarded a sword by his State for his gallant conduct, and a resolution was introduced in Congress, assigning a gold medal to him and to General Harrison—his ranking officer.

Owing to some prejudice against the latter, the vote was delayed one session. On learning this, Governor Shelby requested his friends in Congress—Mr. Clay and Col. Richard M. Johnson, to permit "*no expression of thanks to him unless he was associated with General Harrison.*" The vote was passed at the next session awarding a medal to each. In General Harrison's report to the Secretary of War, he says: "I am at a loss how to mention the merits of Governor Shelby, being convinced that no eulogium of mine can do him justice. The governor of an independent State and greatly my superior in years, in experience and in military fame, he placed himself under my command, and was not more remarkable for his zeal and activity, than for the promptitude and cheerfulness with which he obeyed my orders."

Governor Shelby was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Monroe, but declined on account of the infirmities of age.

Governor Shelby's wife was Susanna Hart, daughter of Captain Nathaniel Hart, of Hanover county, Virginia, who was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and was also one of the pioneers of Kentucky. They were married in the Fort at Boonesborough, in 1783. The bride spun and wove her wedding gown of flax, grown near the fort. It was two widths of linen, of a texture so fine that it could be drawn through her wedding ring. The ring and gown are still in possession of the family. The wedding gifts of the bride were a horse, saddle and bridle, a set of blue stone china, captured from the English, and some house linen. The wreck of the saddle is still in existence, and several pieces of the china are in possession of Mrs. Grigsby, of Washington City, a granddaughter of Governor Shelby.

The newly married couple journeyed from Boonesborough to Traveler's Rest on horseback, carrying their worldly goods in saddle-bags. They went to housekeeping in a log cabin, which stood on the site of what is now the family graveyard, where, in old age, they were buried.

The year after his marriage Isaac Shelby began the erection of a more spacious and comfortable house than the rude log cabin. It contained seven rooms, with walls of rough stone nearly three feet in thickness. The woodwork was all made from walnut timber on the "grant," and done by two men who are now amongst the wealthiest and most respected citizens of the State. No cut nails were to be had at that time, and the pinning was done with wooden pegs, on the order of shoe pegs of the present day. Whilst the carpenters were putting on the roof Governor Shelby was obliged to keep a guard of armed men stationed around the house to prevent them from being shot by the hostile Indians. In this age of progress and improvement, when thousands of capacious and costly edifices go up as if by magic, it is difficult to realize that it took two years of hard and incessant labor to build this modest stone house.

The first addition made to the original house was a very large room at the end of a long back gallery, called the "weaving-room."

TRAVELER'S REST. (FRONT VIEW.)

MRS. GOVERNOR SHELBY.

In it were the spinning wheels and looms used in the manufacture of the cotton, woolen and linen goods of which were made all the

garments worn by the family and numerous slaves of Governor Shelby. The negro women did all of this work under the direct supervision of Mrs. Shelby. There are in the family to-day many beautiful linen tablecloths, large and handsome counterpanes, and many yards of linen sheeting manufactured by Mrs. Shelby's women slaves from flax grown on the farm.

It was never the custom in Kentucky for the slave women to work in the fields. The farmers' wives were expected to find employment for them, and to train them in all domestic industries. They carded, spun, wove, dyed, and made into garments the various fabrics manufactured; they made the gardens, cooked, preserved, pickled and dried in the sun the different products of the garden and orchard; they manufactured by the most primitive method sugar and syrup from the sugar-maple trees, so abundant at that time; they "rendered up" the lard, cured the hams, compounded sausage and souse from the hogs slaughtered; made the soap, starch and bluing for home consumption; raised the poultry, attended to the dairy, and were trained in all household service.

Farmers' wives had also the care of all the sick—white and black, and often of the domestic animals. But they were not expected to read many other books than their Bibles, to know anything of music, French, the different schools of philosophy or politics, prohibition or woman's rights, and they were only expected to discuss such subjects as pertained to their "peculiar sphere." They were respectful and obedient wives, affectionate mothers, and were indefatigable in the care and training of their slaves.

It is a question whether the negroes or white women of the South have most reason to rejoice over one result of the war—the Emancipation Proclamation. Yet the very heavy responsibilities and hardships of slavery and the times combined to make a race of women seldom equalled for strength of intellect, physical and moral courage and personal endurance. To these qualities in Mrs. Shelby were added others that would make her a remarkable woman in this more polite age. It is said of her that "no lady in Kentucky has ever filled the elevated position she occupied as the Governor's wife with more grace and dignity."

There is a portrait painted of her when she presided as first mistress of the Governor's mansion, in which the extraordinary beauty of her hand is remarked by all who see it.

Despite the arduous duties of an unusually protracted official career, Governor Shelby found time to make many improvements on his house and farm. He built a school-house of stone, in which his children were educated under private tutors. He also built a dairy and other out-houses of stone, and put up comfortable quarters for his slaves.

One of the chief beauties of Traveler's Rest was the avenue of forest trees, more than a mile long, through which ran a broad, smooth, white pebbled road, over which the trees arched, making it a lovely drive in all seasons.

No home in Kentucky is so associated with the great names of our own country as Traveler's Rest. It was the rendezvous of the pioneer patriots of the State—the Boones, Browns, Breckinridges, Harts, Marshalls, McAfeers, Floyds, etc. Amongst the distinguished guests entertained here were President Madison and Andrew Jackson, Gen. Lafayette, Gen. Rogers Clark, Gen. Wilkinson and Gen. Winfield Scott, Aaron Burr, Amos Kendall, Henry Clay, Felix Grundy and Thomas Hart Benton.

Governor Shelby and his wife lived and died in the home of their youth, leaving a large family and a magnificent landed estate, lying principally in the counties of Fayette and Lincoln. The Shelbys are amongst the wealthiest, the most prominent and influential families in the State.

Many years ago the Legislature of Kentucky erected monuments over the graves of Governor Shelby and his wife, but they are rapidly becoming ruins, and it is hoped that before long their remains will be transferred to the cemetery at Frankfort—the capital of the State.

At the death of Governor Shelby, Traveler's Rest passed to his youngest son Alfred, who married his first cousin, Virginia Hart, and died in a few years after, leaving her a widow of twenty-two with three children. In some respects Mrs. Virginia Hart Shelby was the most remarkable woman Kentucky has ever produced. She was gifted with a beauty so exquisite, that it would have been fatal to a woman of less strength of mind and character in the exposed and responsible position in which she was placed so young. Immediately after her husband's death, she modestly but bravely assumed the management of his large estate, and devoted fifteen years of her life to it with such energy, judgment, and fidelity, that no farmer in the country around was nearly so successful as she. To-day one can hear from the grey-haired farmers, traders and bankers stories of her wonderful success in every department of her business. She was considered one of the best judges of stock in the State, and at the different Fairs was awarded premiums on her cattle, horses, mules, sheep, and hogs; on the products of her farm, orchards, garden, and dairy and her own handiwork; also on the linen goods she had woven by her women from flax grown on the farm, and woolen fabrics from the fleeces of her own flocks—many yards of which are still in the possession of her own family, as well as numerous pieces of silver awarded her as premiums.

It must not be supposed that she was at all what would be called a "masculine woman." To the contrary, she was endowed with an unusual share of womanly graces, and the sweetness of her voice was as remarkable as the beauty of her face. She was a devoted mother and an earnest Christian, and although a thoroughly successful business woman, there was no woman of her day, in Kentucky, who was so general a favorite in society, or more beloved by her friends and family.

To the surprise of all who knew her, after fifteen years of widowhood she married her relative, the distinguished divine—Dr. R. J. Breckinridge. Although she gave her children the best educational advantages, dispensed the most generous hospitality, and gave liberally to her church and the different charities, she turned over the estate to her children on her second marriage, more than doubled in value, and to her husband she brought a handsome fortune which she had accumulated for herself.

The only child who survived her was her daughter, Susan Preston, who married Col. J. Warren Grigsby, of Virginia.

Col. Grigsby had spent most of his life (up to the time of his meeting with his wife) in Europe, and had just begun the practice of law in New Orleans, when he was married.

To gratify his wife he removed with her to her ancestral home, to which she was passionately attached, and until the breaking out of the war, they devoted themselves to the improvement and embellishment of the home and farm. The house was enlarged and the interior somewhat modernized. Most of the capacious fireplaces, stretching nearly across one end of the rooms, with their huge back-logs and smaller ones of ash piled up on bright brass andirons, gave place to grates in which crackled Kentucky coal, as abundant now as wood was sixty years ago.

But the small, deep windows, in the strong, thick walls, with a row of port-holes near the ground, gave to the whole house still somewhat the appearance of a fortress, and the exterior retains very much of its primitive and venerable appearance. For years there was not in the Blue-grass region of Kentucky, a woman who dispensed such generous and elegant hospitality as Mrs. Grigsby. Col. Grigsby was a man of rare culture and courtliness, and was strikingly handsome—and no man in the State enjoyed in a higher degree the confidence and esteem of the people generally. He was the soul of honor—trusting others as he would be trusted. He lived by the proverb of the extinct gentleman—*noblesse oblige*, rather than by that of the modern man—or land-shark, "business is business." After four years of gallant service in the Confederate army, he returned to find himself in such business complications as to make it necessary to mortgage Traveler's Rest.

This, with already failing health, soon put him in his grave. Mrs. Grigsby remained at Traveler's Rest alone with her children during her husband's absence in the army, and she had need of all her inherited heroism to fight the bloodless battles of the war. Her's was a case of exceptional sorrow and sacrifice.

For some years after her husband's death, she struggled heroically to save Traveler's Rest by paying off the mortgage, but the fatal blow came at last. The mortgage was foreclosed, and she and her children were made homeless and penniless, and now amongst strangers, three brave women are making a fight with adversity that proves them worthy descendants of the hero of King's Mountain. Yet like "my lady" in the sad refrain to the song, they long and weep for "the old Kentucky Home far away."

Traveler's Rest is still owned by one of the descendants of Governor Shelby, but it is shorn of much of its beauty.

The 3,400 acres that once spread over the rich and magnificently wooded valley, lying about the foot of the "Knobs," have gradually dwindled to one-third of the original tract, and here, as elsewhere in the Blue-grass region, the finest forest trees have been felled. There is no trace left of the once beautiful avenue.

Culinary.

On Dainty Ways of Cooking Common Vegetables.

That this is a comparatively thankless season, as far as ordinary vegetables go no one will deny. The commoner "roots" as countryfolk abroad call them en masse, monopolize the winter market to the temporary exclusion of the dantier vegetables and that being the case, a few directions for serving them in the most palatable fashion may be welcome.

Beetroot is most useful for pickling, mixing with salad, garnishing and also as a vegetable but, as a change from the ordinary boiling try this process: Choose moderate-sized beetroot, avoiding such as do not slightly "give" to the touch; wash them and wipe them with a clean cloth wrung out of ordinary spirit. Place a thin layer of moistened straw in the oven (which should be sufficiently hot to bake bread); stand the roots on the straw, covering each one with an earthenware jar, and leave them for eight or ten hours without increasing the heat. If possible, let them cool in the oven; when cold, peel and use as required.—*Betteraves Fricassees*: cut them in slices, put them into a saucepan with butter, onions, parsley, chervil, and chives chopped fine, a taste of garlic, a pinch of flour, some vinegar, salt and pepper, and stew for a quarter of an hour.

Carrots.—*A la Creme*—Scrape, wash and cut them into pieces or slices as desired; boil them in water with salt and pepper; when nearly tender enough, strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfastcupful of thick fresh cream with a lump of butter; when this boils, add the carrots and let them simmer for fifteen minutes. Just before serving, thicken them with the yolk of an egg.—*Ragout de Carottes*: Prepare as above, boiling them a shorter time; strain and put them into a saucepan with slices of bacon, parsley, chives and plentiful seasoning; stir over the fire and after a a few minutes add two tablespoonfuls of stock and a cupful of thick gravy; boil gently and reduce to a courte soup. Serve without straining.

Onions.—*A la Creme*.—Take some small good-shaped onions, boil them till tender in water and salt and strain them. Melt a lump of butter in a saucepan throw the onions in, sprinkle them at once with a mixture of flour salt and pepper; then pour over them some fresh thick cream, stirring evenly till the whole is slightly thickened. Serve very hot at once.—*Farcis*: Boil some large onions in plenty of water till tender but quite firm; strain them and scoop out the middle very carefully, so as not to break them. Make a stuffing with bread crumbs slightly boiled in fat broth and the remains of chicken or veal chopped fine, all well seasoned with salt, pepper and spice. Fill the onions with this mixture and brown them thoroughly in butter. Serve with or without rich gravy or white sauce. The same sort of dish can be prepared with a pork or mushroom stuffing; these must be sprinkled thickly with bread raspings, moistened with melted butter, and baked in a tourtiere, or after that fashion, with fire over and underneath.—*En Puree*: Choose some white onions, scald them thoroughly in boiling water to diminish the strong taste; slice them, brown them slightly in butter, and leave them to simmer just off the fire. When almost melted, press them through a fine sieve, mix the pulp in a saucepan with cream, or good broth, and a lump of sugar; stir over the fire until you have a puree of the usual consistency. Serve on fried toast, or as a garniture to a suitable entree.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

469 This lady will make a firm, wise and faithful wife. Almost all the sterling qualities are hers. She is constant, truthful, decided and discreet, honest and sincere. Her otherwise good disposition is marred by a rather sharp temper and an impatient nature which will need strong discipline of some kind.

470 This delicate writing, disjointed and airy, shows the enthusiast and idealist. I should not be afraid to state that this lady allows her emotions to outwear her strength, and that she is also quick to take up any new fact. She is affectionate, refined, poetical and very reverent, should be a devout religionist, and probably belongs to a church which appeals through its ceremonies to the senses; is passionately fond of music and capable of great self-sacrifice.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Cass.—M. Staunton & Co., No. 4 King Street West, have the material you require. It is not very expensive, about 10 cents a foot. It is easily applied and quite effective. I should think you could get it nearer home, but I have certainly seen it in Toronto.

May.—I could not make a choice, but fancy the Conservatory at Boston would be altogether the thing you mean. There are in Toronto the College of Music and the Conservatory, beside several very good smaller schools.

Bundy.—If you are a complete stranger in the city I don't see how you are to cash your cheque. The bank is too cautious to accept anything but a positive identification. Get your banker in Newburgh to wire you the cash, on presentation of his check, which you hold. If he knows the manager here you will be able to get it, perhaps. I am really sorry for your unpleasant predicament, but so many schemes are practised with cheques that one can't blame the banks for caution.

Europa.—For your seavoyage you will want a deckchair (not a campchair) a suit of warm winter underwear, a soft, pretty knitted hood, a pair of warm gloves, an easy-fitting serge princesse dress and warm ulster or cloak. Take snug and cosey underwear, for most seasick folks would be much sooner well, and less often ill, if they avoided the chill sure to come if the traveller is not warmly clothed.

Invalid.—Cousin Ruth received the book to-day, and desires me to thank you and to tell you that it is quite a revelation to her.

Cosina.—For a small dinner party soup or bouillon, spring chicken fried, potato croquettes, lamb and mint sauce, lettuce salad, radishes, green peas, rhubarb pie or pudding, boiled custard, and whatever fruit you can get would be a lovely menu. Angel cake and ice-cream could be served last of all, and coffee, either at the table or in the drawing-room after.

Mother Marie.—For the children's party I would not put the invitations late—as some are so small—say from five to nine. Have tea at half-past five, and ice-cream and bonbons at eight, or a little later. The older ones might stay till ten and have a dance, as you suggest.

Gertrude.—Sealing-wax is credited with the following significance: White means a proposal; black, of course, is mourning; violet, condolence; brown or old gold, a dinner; ruby, love; crimson, business; green means hope; pale grey, friendship; pink, a love letter; yellow, jealousy; gold and silver, constancy. I hope the many ladies who have written on this subject will cut out this answer and keep it for reference. It is not worth while repeating once a month or so.

Julian.—The time of coming of age varies in different countries from 18 to 25 years, as far as I know.

Fashion.—The little fancy doilies used for the finger-bowls are only ornamental. Keep the dinner napkin in your lap until you rise from the table, then lay it carelessly on the right hand side of your dessert plate. Don't for the world fold it up as you would do at home, even if it was in a ring. It will never be used again until laundried for anyone, and it is bad form to roll it up.

Queechy.—A *menu* is simply a bill of fare. It was only slang if used in the way you say. Just as one would say of a day's amusement: "What's on the bill for to-day?"

John Doran.—Party spirit sometimes sprouts out in Toronto, but we are rather a sensible lot, and don't carry it to great lengths. It is a source of weakness in any community, and should never be encouraged.

Letter of Recommendation

A letter of introduction is usually supposed to be a sure passport for the bearer to the favor of the person to whom it is addressed. But, according to the experience of Rubinstein, the pianist and composer, it is sometimes well to investigate the contents of such a letter.

When Rubinstein went to Vienna, in 1846, full of talent and hope, he took a dozen letters of introduction to prominent people in that city from the Russian Ambassador and his wife in Berlin. Vienna was the residence of Liszt, and one of the great musical centres of Europe, and young Rubinstein anticipated making many warm friends.

He made his calls, and left his letters at the houses of the people to whom they were addressed, and then waited for replies and invitations; but none came. After five or six letters had met this response of absolute silence he was utterly at a loss to understand the meaning of such treatment.

"I will see," he said, at last, "what is said about me in these letters."

Accordingly he opened one, and this is what he read:

"My Dear Countess—To the position which we, the Ambassador and his wife, occupy, is attached the tedious duty of patronizing and recommending our various compatriots in order to satisfy their oftentimes clamorous requests. We, therefore, recommend to you the bearer of this, one Rubinstein."

The riddle was solved. The enraged pianist flung the remaining letters in the fire, and resolved to rely on his own unaided efforts to procure friends in the future.

Colors.

Science gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been, and what it may become.

The Vedas of India, which are the most ancient written documents, attest that in times most remote, but still recorded in history, only two colors were known—black and red.

A very long time elapsed before the eye could perceive the color yellow, and a still longer time before green could be distinguished; and it is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the term which designated yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green.

The Greeks had, according to the generally received opinion, the perception of colors very highly developed, and yet authors of a more recent date assure us that in the time of Alexander the Great the Greek painters knew but four colors, viz., white, black, red and yellow.

The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history, they calling these colors gray and black.

It is thus that the colors in the rainbow were only distinguished gradually, and the great Aristotle knew only four of them. It is a well known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed, there remains outside the limit of the blue and violet, in the spectrum, a distinct impression which our eyes do not recognize as a 'color.' Physiologists tell us that it is reasonable to suppose that, as the color organ becomes more highly developed, and even before the human eye becomes perfect, this outside band will evolve into a color perfectly discernible.

Spoon Lore.

In early times it was the fashion for all ladies and gentlemen to have their own spoons and spoon-cases, which they carried with them wherever they went. Two hundred years ago we find frequent mention in the newspapers of a "lost case, containing a knife, fork and silver spoon." The spoon was usually described as bearing the crest of the owner upon its handle, or a picture of the Blessed Virgin. The "apostle spoons" were a dozen of these silver implements, each containing an image of one of the apostles in relief upon its handles; sometimes with and sometimes without his name. If the name was omitted there was usually some emblem of the worthy supposed to be represented on the spoon. In case emblems were used instead of names, St. James would be attired as a pilgrim; St. Jude was usually pictured with a club, the emblem of his martyrdom, or with a boat, to show his occupation; St. Simon with a saw, because he was sawn asunder, and generally with an added oar, to show his earlier tastes.

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The use of these spoons as gifts from god-parents to god-children dates back nearly five hundred years. When the giver was too poor to present the whole twelve, he gave one spoon with the image of the patron saint after whom the child was named, or to whom he was dedicated, or who was the patron saint of the donor, not always in such cases an apostle. The images of the four evangelists were often thus used, the spoons being called "apostle spoons," although all were not apostles in the usual meaning of the word. Shakespeare, in Henry VIII., when Cranmer declares himself unworthy of being sponsor to the young princess, makes the king reply, "Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons," in plain allusion to the gift expected on such occasions. The earliest notice we find in print of this form of spoon is an entry on the book of the Stationers' Company, made in the year 1500. It is this entry: "A spoyne of the gyfte of Master Riginold Wolfe, all gylte, with the pycture of St. John," showing that "apostle spoons" were well-known at that early day.

Free Education.

Bill Stumps (aged 7).—"Where are you going, Gertie?"

Gertie Girton (aged 8).—"William, I have been taught to consider it *infra dignitatem* to answer a question couched in ungrammatical language. If you care to ask me whither I am going, I shall be happy to tell you!"

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A Wonderful Increase.

Stenographers may form some idea of the present wonderful growth of the typewriter business from the fact that the business of the Remington typewriter, for the months of January and February, 1892, exceeded the business of the corresponding two months of 1891 by $160,000.

The further fact that the Remington business has more than doubled in the last three years shows emphatically the growing popularity of that machine. The Remington factory, at Ilion, N.Y., gives employment to 700 workmen, and the sales-agents, Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, dispose of a finished Remington typewriter every five minutes.—*Phonographic World, April.*

Daniel Was Included.

Benvenuto Cellini had just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucretia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design.

"The design appears to me to illustrate some biblical episode," said she.

"It does," returned Cellini. "'Daniel in the Lion's Den' is the subject."

"Ah! but I see only the lions."

"Undoubtedly, however, you note a slight distention of the lions' bodies?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Daniel."

Why Jay Gould Got Religion.

Banker (to African traveller).—So you are returning to the Congo? In that case I authorize you to convert a dozen negro children at my expense.

Not in Her Day.

"For heaven's sake, Jane! that dust must have been there for six months, at least!"

"Sure, mum, then it's not my fault at all, for the leddy knows I've only been just ten weeks in the house."

Justifiable Pride.

Gus de Smith—You are looking bright and happy this morning, Gilhooly.

Gilhooly—Yes; I'm out of debt at last. Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterday by the statute of limitations. I tell you, Gus, a man feels like a man when he is square with the world.

YOUNG LADY PATIENT—Doctor, what do you do when you burn your mouth with hot coffee?

DOCTOR—Swear!

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But woman—bless her little heart—
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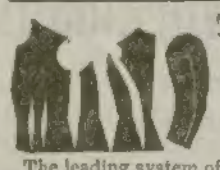

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